





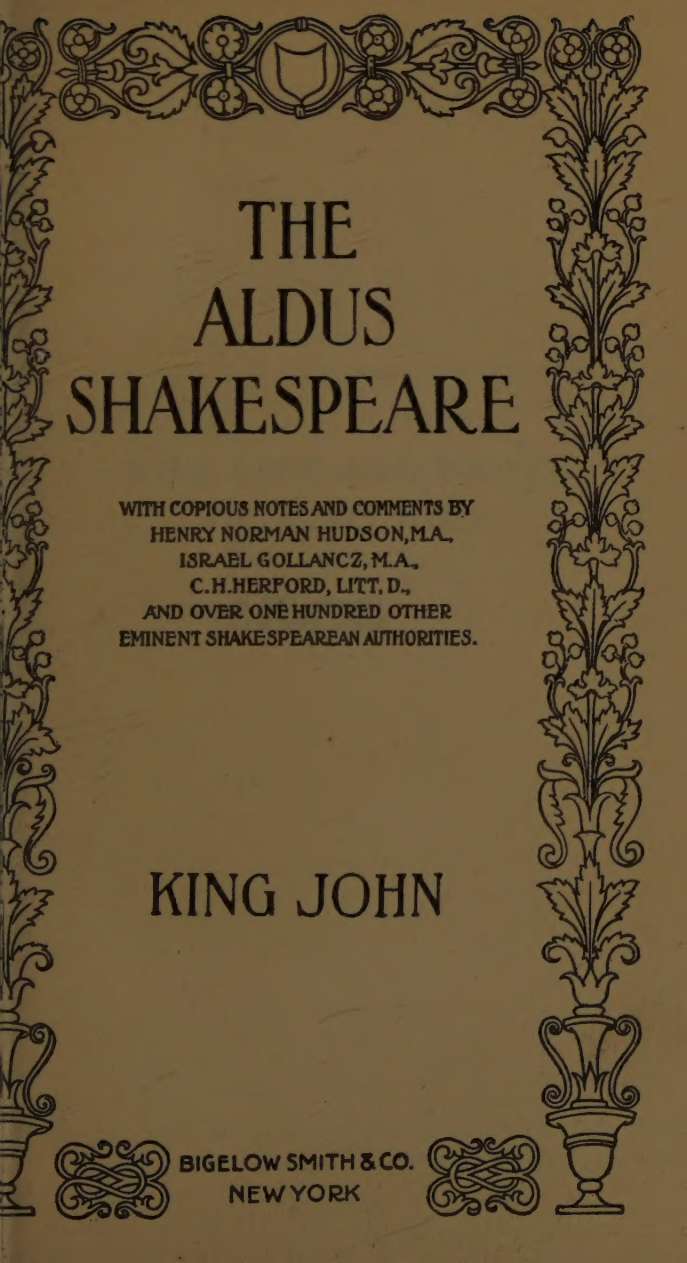








*King John's Tomb, Worcester Cathedral*



# THE ALDUS SHAKESPEARE

WITH COPIOUS NOTES AND COMMENTS BY  
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EMINENT SHAKESPEAREAN AUTHORITIES.

## KING JOHN

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**THE LIFE AND DEATH  
OF KING JOHN**

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H. = Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H. = C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

## PREFACE

By ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A.

### THE FIRST EDITION

*King John* was first printed in the First Folio, where it occupies the first place in the division of "Histories." The ten plays belonging to this series form as it were a great national Epic on the crises in English History from the reign of Richard II to that of Richard III, with *King John* and *Henry VIII* respectively as the Prologue and Epilogue of the whole. The Editors of the Folio were guided absolutely by chronological sequence in their arrangement of these plays: hence the place of *King John*.

### SOURCE OF THE PLAY

Shakespeare's *King John* is a recast of an older play entitled *The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England*, printed for the first time in 1591, and again in 1611 and 1622. It is significant that the title-page of the 1611 edition states that the play was "written by W. Sh.;" in the later edition boldly expanded to "W. Shakespeare."<sup>1</sup> *The Troublesome Raigne* may safely be assigned to about the year 1589, with its pseudo-Marlowan lyrical note and classical frippery so common in the plays of the period, e.g.:—

"The whistling leaves upon the trembling trees,  
Whistle in concert I am Richard's son:  
The bubbling murmur of the water's fall,  
Records Philippus Regius filius:

<sup>1</sup> Cp. *Shakespeare Quarto Facsimiles*, ed. by Dr. F. J. Furnivall, Vols. 40, 41 (*Hazlitt's Shakespeare Library*; *Nichols' Six Old Plays*, etc.).

Birds in their flight make music with their wings,  
Filling the air with glory of my birth:  
Birds, bubbles, leaves, and mountains, echo, all  
Ring in mine ears, that I am Richard's son." <sup>1</sup>

The old "two-sectioned" play may be described as the work of an imitator of Marlowe clinging to pre-Marlowan versification and diction and clownage.

It has many of the faults of the older Chronicle plays, as opposed to the Historical Dramas; chiefly noteworthy are:—(i) there is no hero; (ii) no one in whom one can take interest, except perhaps Faulconbridge; (iii) its Anti-Romish spirit which is at times harsh in the extreme; (iv) the doggerel character of much of its dialogue. On the other hand, the old playwright's treatment of his materials shows considerable merit, and to him belongs the invention of Faulconbridge <sup>2</sup> and his mother, his avoidance of Constance's re-marriages, important modifications in Holinshed's characters of Arthur, of Limoges, etc.; while the comic scene where the Bastard finds the nun locked up in the Prior's chest "to hide her from lay men," and then discovers "Friar Lawrence" locked up in the ancient nun's chest, must, as Dr. Furnivall puts it, have been very telling on the Elizabethan stage; "you can fancy the audience's chuckles over it." Finally, it must be mentioned that the patriotic tone of Shakespeare's play re-echoes the sentiment of his original: especially striking

<sup>1</sup> "*The Troublesome Raigne*" must be carefully distinguished from Bale's "*Kynge Johan*" (about 1548, printed by the Camden Society, ed. by J. P. Collier), which holds an interesting place in the history of Bale's attempt to build a Protestant drama on the ruins of the Catholic Mystery (cp. Herford's *Literary Relations of England and Germany* in the xvi. cent., ch. iii.). Shakespeare had certainly never seen this play.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Watkiss Lloyd suggested that some of Faulconbridge's characteristics were got from that *raptarius nequissimus* and bastard, Falco de Brenta,—or Foukes de Brent, as Holinshed calls him,—who though he was one of the Barons who wrested Magna Charta from King John, yet gave him great help in his fight with his Barons, and backed his son against Lewes.

"Thus England's peace begins in Henry's reign  
 And bloody wars are closed with happy league,  
 Let England live but true within itself,  
 And all the world can never wrong her state.  
 Lewis thou shalt be bravely shipped to France  
 For never Frenchman got of English ground  
 The twentieth part that thou hast conquered.

If England's peers and people join in one,  
Nor Pope, nor France, nor Spain, can do them wrong."

## "KING JOHN" AND "THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE"

In comparing the two plays we note the following more striking points:—(i) Shakespeare has compressed the ten acts of his original into five,<sup>1</sup> though he only omits four entire scenes, and introduces but one new one (at the end of act IV): (ii) there is hardly a single line in the two plays exactly alike; by a mere touch, the re-arrangement of the words, the omission of a monosyllable, and the like, Shakespeare has alchemized mere dross: (iii) Shakespeare, for the most part, follows the older play in its treatment of historical fact,<sup>2</sup> but he departs therefrom noticeably in representing Arthur as a child: (iv) certain characters of the play as well as striking incidents have been elaborated and refined, *e. g.* Constance,<sup>3</sup> Hubert, Pandulph, and espe-

<sup>1</sup> Much actually takes place in *The Troublesome Raigne* which Shakespeare merely speaks of, e. g. there is a scene in which the five "moons" actually appear.

<sup>2</sup> Surprise is often expressed at the omission of all mention of the Magna Charta in Shakespeare's play, but it is due in the first instance to the author of *The Troublesome Raigne*.

<sup>3</sup> The famous scene of Constance's Lament (Act III. sc. iv.) was evolved from the following crude original:—

“My tongue is tuned to story forth mishap:  
When did I breathe to tell a pleasing tale?  
Must Constance speak? Let tears prevent her talk.  
Must I discourse? Let Dido sigh, and say

cially Faulconbridge, whose character Shakespeare has rendered consistent and ennobled; he makes him not merely the central character, but also a sort of Chorus of the play giving vent to sentiments of truest patriotism, and enunciating the highest national interests,—an embodiment of the typical Englishman, plain, blunt, honest, and loyal: (v) Shakespeare omits altogether the coarse comic scenes which in the older play, detract from the dignity of the historical surroundings: (vi) the two plays have the same fault in having no hero; John is not the hero of *King John*.

On the other hand, there are three points in Shakespeare's play not as clear as in the original:—(i) Faulconbridge's hatred of Austria: (ii) his anger at the betrothal of Blanch to the Dauphin: (iii) the reason why the monk poisoned King John. The old play explains clearly (i) that Austria had been cruel to Cœur-de-Lion: (ii) that Blanch had previously been betrothed to Faulconbridge: (iii) that John "contemned" the Pope, and never loved a Friar; (*cp. Shakespeare as an Adapter*, Edward Rose, Preface to *Troublesome Raigne*, Part i; *Forewords to Troublesome Raigne*, Part ii, Dr. Furnivall; *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare*, Watkiss Lloyd; *Commentaries on the Historical Plays of Shakespeare*, Courtney; Warner's *English History in Shakespeare* (Longman, 1894), etc.).

#### DATE OF COMPOSITION

*King John* is mentioned by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* (1598). From internal evidence, it belongs to the same group as *Richard II* and *Richard III*, especially in the characteristic absence of prose. The large amount of rhyme in *Richard II* makes it, in all probability, anterior to *King John*. The play may safely be dated c. 1595.

She weeps again to hear the wrack of Troy:  
Two words will serve, and then my tale is done—  
Elinor's proud brat hath robbed me of my son."

Similarly, the scene in which John suggests to Hubert his murderous design is based on a mere hint of the older play.

## DURATION OF ACTION

The time of the play occupies seven days, with intervals comprising in all not more than three or four months. The historical time covers the whole of King John's reign.

## INTRODUCTION

By HENRY NORMAN HUDSON, A.M.

Shakespeare has probably done more to spread a knowledge of English history, than all the historians put together, our liveliest and best impressions of "merry England in the olden time" being generally drawn from his pages. Though we seldom think of referring to him as authority in matters of fact, yet in some way and for some reason or other we secretly make him our standard of old English manners, and character, and life, reading other historians by his light, and trying them by his measures, whether we be aware of it or not. He had indeed

"A mind reflecting ages past, whose clear  
And equal surface can make things appear,—  
Distant a thousand years,—and represent  
Them in their lively colors, just extent."

Drawing forth from "the dark backward and abysm of time" the shades of departed things, he causes them to live, their life over again, to repeat themselves, as it were, under our eye, we being rather spectators than students of their course and passage.

And yet, the further we push our historical researches, the more we are brought to acknowledge the general justness of his representations. Even when he makes free with chronology, and varies from the actual order of things, it is generally in quest of something higher and better than chronological accuracy; and the result is in most cases favorable to right conceptions: the events being thereby knit together and articulated into that vital harmony and circulation of nature, wherein they can be better understood, than if they were ordered with literal exactness of



time and place. If, which is often the case, he bring in fictitious persons and events, mixing them up with real ones, it is that he may set forth into view those parts, and elements, and aspects of life, which lie without the range of common history, embodying in imaginary forms that truth of which the real forms have not been preserved.

So that, without any loss, perhaps we should say, with much gain, of substantial truth, Shakespeare clothes the dry bones of historical matter with the warm living flesh of poetry and wit, and thus gives them an interest such as no mere narrative could be made to possess, insomuch that thousands, who would fail to be won even by the fascinating pages of Hume, are caught and held by the Poet's dramatic revivifications of the past. If there be any others able to give us as just notions, provided we read them, still there are none that come near him in the art of causing themselves to be read.

But what, perhaps, is most remarkable is, that out of the materials of an entire age and nation he so selects and orders and uses a few, as to give a just conception of the whole; by subtle conveyances impressing upon the mind a sort of daguerre, wherein a close inspection may discern "the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure;" all the lines and features of its life and action, public and private, its piety, chivalry, policy, wit, and profligacy, being gathered up and wrought out in fair proportion and clear expression. So true is this, that even the gleanings of after-times have produced scarce any thing touching the history of old England, but what may be better understood for a previous acquaintance with the Poet's historical representations; though it must be owned that these have in turn received much additional light from those. Where he deviates most from all the historical authorities accessible to him, there is a large wise propriety in his deviations, such as to justify the conjecture entertained by some, that he must have written from some traditionary matter which the historians received in his day had failed to chronicle, but which later researches have amply verified. An in-

stance of which we shall have occasion to notice hereafter, in the change of character from "the madcap Prince of Wales" to the brave, wise, gentle, heroic Henry V. So that our latest study and ripest judgment in any historical subject handled by the Poet will be pretty sure to fall in with and confirm the impressions at first derived from him; that which in the outset approved itself to the imagination as beauty, in the end approving itself to the reason as truth.

These remarks must not be taken as in disparagement of other forms of history. It is important for us to know much which it was not the Poet's business to teach, and which if he had attempted to teach, we should probably learn far less from him. Exactness and variety of historical knowledge, running out into the details of time, place, and circumstance, is every way a most useful and desirable acquisition. Nor can we be too much on our guard against resting in those vague general notions of the past, which are so often found ministering to conceit, and fume, and fond impertinence. For, in truth, however we may exult in the free soarings of the spirit beyond the bounds of time and sense, one foot of the solid ground of facts, where our thoughts must needs be limited by the matter that feeds them, is worth far more than acres upon acres of cloud-land glory, where men may expatiate forever without coming to anything, because the only knowledge it yieldeth is of that kind which, being equally good for all purposes, is therefore practically good for none, and which naturally fosters a conceit of far-sightedness, because it presents nothing to be seen, and therefore nothing to bound the vision. And perhaps the best way to drive off or keep off this frightful disease is by drawing and holding the mind down to the facts, by gluing the thoughts to the specialties of particular local truth. These specialties, however, it is not for poetry to supply; nay, rather, it would cease to be poetry, should it go about to supply them.

Let none suppose, then, that we would anywise substi-

tute Shakespeare for the ordinary sources of history. It is enough, surely, that in giving us what lay within the scope of his art he facilitates and furthers the learning of that which lies out of it; working whatsoever matter he takes into a lamp to light our way through that which he omits. This, indeed, is to make the historical drama what it should be, namely, "the concentration of history;" setting our thoughts at the point where the several lines of truth converge, and from whence we may survey the field of his subject in both its unity and its variety.

All which is to be understood but as referring to the dramas in English history, these being the only of Shakespeare's plays that were originally, or can be properly, termed historical. And respecting these the matter has been put so strongly and so well by Schlegel, that we gladly avail ourselves of his statement. "The dramas," says he, "derived from the English history, ten in number, form one of the most valuable of Shakespeare's works, and are partly the fruit of his maturest age. I say advisedly "one" of his works; for the Poet evidently intended them to form one great whole. It is, as it were, an historical heroic poem in the dramatic form, of which the several plays constitute the rhapsodies. The main features of the events are set forth with such fidelity; their causes, and even their secret springs are placed in so clear a light, that we may gain from them a knowledge of history in all its truth, while the living picture makes an impression on the imagination which can never be effaced. But this series of dramas is designed as the vehicle of a much higher and more general instruction: it furnishes examples of the political course of the world, applicable to all times. This mirror of kings should be the manual of princes: from it they may learn the intrinsic dignity of their hereditary vocation, but they will also learn the difficulties of their situation, the dangers of usurpation, the inevitable fall of tyranny, which buries itself under its attempts to obtain a firmer foundation; lastly, the ruinous consequences of the weaknesses, errors and crimes of kings, for whole na-

tions, and many subsequent generations. Eight of these plays, from Richard II to Richard III, are linked together in uninterrupted succession, and embrace a most eventful period of nearly a century of English history. The events portrayed in them not only follow each other, but are linked together in the closest and most exact connection; and the cycle of revolts, parties, civil and foreign wars, which began with the deposition of Richard II, first ends with the accession of Henry VII to the throne."

In respect, however, of *King John*, what we have been saying must be received with not a little abatement or qualification. As a work of art, the play has indeed considerable, though by no means the highest merit; but as a piece of historical portraiture, its claims may easily be overstated. In such a work diplomatic or documentary exactness is not altogether possible, nor is it even desirable any further than may well consist with the laws of art, or with the conditions of the poetic and dramatic form. For to be truly an historical "drama," a work should not adhere to the literal truth of history in such sort as to hinder the dramatic life, or to cramp, or fetter, or arrest its proper freedom of movement and spirit. In a word, the laws of the drama are here paramount to the facts of history; which of course infers that where the two cannot stand together, the latter are to give way. Yet, when and so far as they are clearly compatible, neither of them ought to be sacrificed: historical accuracy, so far forth as it can be made to combine freely with the principles and methods of dramatic life, seems essential to the perfection of the work. And perhaps Shakespeare's mastery of his art is in nothing more forcibly approved than in the degree to which he has reconciled them. And the inferiority of *King John*, as an historical drama, lies in that, taking his other works in the same line as the standard, the facts of history are disregarded much beyond what the laws of art seem to require. For it need scarce be urged that in an historical drama literal truth is fairly entitled to give law, whenever dramatic truth does not overrule it.

The point where all the parts of *King John* center and converge into one has been rightly stated to be the fate of Arthur. That is the hinge whereon the whole action is made to turn,—the heart whose pulsations are felt in every part of the structure. The alleged right of Arthur to the throne draws on the wars between John and Philip, and finally the loss from the English crown of the provinces in France. And so far the drama is strictly true to historical fact. But, besides this, the real or reputed murder of Arthur by John is set forth as the chief if not the only cause of the troubles that distracted the latter part of his reign, and ended only with his life; the main-spring of that popular disaffection to his person and government, which let in upon him the assaults of papal arrogance, and gave free course to the wholesome violence of the nobles. Which was by no means the case. For though, by the treatment of his nephew, John did greatly outrage the loyalty and humanity of the nation, still that was but one act in a life-long course of cruelty, cowardice, lust, and perfidy, which stamped him as a most base and wicked wretch, and finally drew down upon him the general hatred and execration of his subjects. Had he not thus sinned away and lost the hearts of the people, he might perhaps have safely defied the papal interdict; for who can doubt that they would have braved the thunders of the Vatican for him, since they did not scruple afterwards to do so against him? But the fact or the mode of Arthur's death was not the chief, much less the only cause of that loss. So that here the drama involves in its central point such a breach of history, which it is not easy to see how the laws of the dramatic form should require, and which nothing less than such a requirement could fairly excuse: in other words, the rights of historical truth are sacrificed without sufficient cause.

Such a flaw at the heart of the piece must needs greatly disarrange the order of the work as a representation of facts, and make it very untrue to the ideas and sentiments of the English people at the time; for it implies all along



that Arthur was clearly the rightful sovereign, and his uncle as clearly an usurper, and that they were so regarded: whereas, in truth, the rule of lineal descent was not then settled in the state, and the succession of John to the throne was so far from being irregular, that of the last five occupants four had derived their main title from election, the same right whereby John himself took it.

The same objection lies proportionably against another feature of the play. The life of the Austrian archduke, who had behaved so harshly and so meanly towards Richard I, is prolonged five or six years beyond its actual period, and he is made responsible for the death of the English king, for no other purpose, seemingly, than that the king's natural son may have the honor of revenging his father's wrongs and death. Richard fell in a quarrel with Vidomar, viscount of Lymoges, one of his own vassals. A treasure having been found on the viscount's estate, and a part of it having been offered the king, he claimed the whole; and while in pursuance of this claim he was making war on the owner he was wounded with an arrow from the hand of Gourdon, one of Vidomar's archers. This occurred in 1199, when Leopold of Austria had been dead several years. The play, however, drives the sin against history to the extreme point of making Austria and Lymoges the same person. Now, if such an exploit were needful or desirable for the proper display of Faulconbridge's character, it does not well appear but that the real Vidomar would have answered the purpose: at all events, the thing might surely have been compassed without so gross a breach of historical truth. Here, however, the vice stops with itself, instead of vitiating the other parts, as in the former case.

Again, in the play the people of Angiers stoutly refuse to own either John or Arthur as king, until the question shall have first been decided in battle between them; whereas in fact Anjou, Touraine, and Maine declared from the first for Arthur, and did not waver at all in their allegiance. The drama also represents the imprisonment and death of

Arthur as occurring in England; while in fact he was first put under guard in the castle of Falaise in Normandy, and afterwards transferred to a dungeon in the castle of Rouen, from whence he was never known to come out alive. Other departures from fact there are, which may easily be justified or excused, as being more than made up by a gain of dramatic truth and effect. Such, for example, are the freedoms taken with Constance, who, in the play, remains a widow after the death of her first husband, and survives to bewail the captivity of her son, and the wreck of his hopes; but who, in fact, after a short widowhood was married to Guy of Thouars, and died in 1201, the year before Arthur fell into the hands of his uncle. A breach of history every way justifiable, since it gives an occasion, not otherwise to be had, for some noble outpourings of maternal grief; and her depth of maternal affection might well enough consist with a second marriage, though to have represented her thus would have impaired the pathos of her situation, and at the same time have been a needless embarrassment of the action. It is enough that so she would have felt and grieved, had she been still alive; her proper character being thus allowed to transpire in circumstances which she did not live to see.

But of the justifiable departures from fact the greatest consists in anticipating by several years the papal instigations as the cause of the war in which Arthur was taken prisoner. For in reality Rome had no hand in setting on that war; it was undertaken by Philip of his own will and for his own ends; there being no rupture between John and the Pope till some time after Arthur had disappeared. The crusade which Philip did undertake against John by order of the Pope was in 1213. Thus the Poet brought the two together; and he was right in doing so for this reason, that the conditions of dramatic interest required more intensity of life than either would yield of itself: united, they might stand in the drama; divided, they must fall. So that, by concentrating the interest of both in one, as much of actual truth was secured as could be told

dramatically without defeating the purpose of the telling. Than which no better justification of the thing could well be given, or asked.

Shakespeare drew the material of his other histories from Holinshed, and no doubt he had, or might have had access to the same authority in writing King John. Yet in all the others the rights of historical truth are for the most part duly observed. Which would seem to argue that in this case he not only left his usual guide, but had some special reason for doing so. Accordingly it appears that the forementioned sins against history were not original with him. The whole plot and plan of the drama, the events and the ordering of them, all indeed but the poetry and character, the life and glory of the work, were borrowed. And it seems deserving of special note, that in his historical dramas he committed no offenses worth naming against the laws of his art, but when building on another's foundation.

*The first and second part of the troublesome Reign of John, King of England*, upon which Shakespeare's play was founded, came from the press, first, in 1591, again in 1611, and a third time in 1622. The first edition was anonymous; the second claimed to be by "W. Sh.," the third by "W. Shakespeare;" which has been taken by some as strong evidence of its being the Poet's work; and would indeed go far to prove it, but that plays that were certainly none of his were often thus fathered upon him. Steevens at one time thought it to be Shakespeare's, but he afterwards gave it up, as well he might; and all the English critics since agree that he did not write it, though scarce any two of them agree who did. The German critics, so far as we know, uniformly take the other side, arguing the point at much length, but with little effect. To answer their arguments were more easy than profitable; and such answer can better be spared than the space it would fill, since no English reader of but tolerable competence, none able to understand the reasoning, will need it, after having once read the play. Coleridge, indeed,



writing of the play in 1802, went so far as to pronounce it "not his, yet of him;" a judgment in which few, we apprehend, will concur. For not a single passage or even line of the old play is to be found in Shakespeare's *King John*; and as there are many that were well worth keeping had they been his, this concludes pretty strongly that he had no hand in it.

*The Troublesome Reign* bears strong internal marks of having been written when the enthusiasm of the nation was wrought up to the height about the Spanish Armada, and when the Papacy was spitting its impotent thunders against the throne and state of the lion-queen. Abounding in spoken and acted satire and invective against Rome, the play must have been hugely grateful to that national feeling which, issuing in the Reformation, was greatly deepened and strengthened by its own issues. The subject was strikingly apt for this purpose; which was most likely the cause of its being chosen.

This aptness had suggested a like use or abuse of the same matter many years before. The precise date is not known, but Bishop Bale's *Pageant of Kynge Johan* was probably written in the time of Edward VI. Touching his singular performance, perhaps we cannot do better than to abridge the account given by Mr. Collier. The design of *Kynge Johan* was to promote and confirm the Reformation, of which Bale was one of the most strenuous and unscrupulous supporters. Some of the leading events of John's reign, his disputes with the Pope, the suffering of his kingdom under the interdict, the surrender of his crown to the legate, and his reputed death by poison, are there applied in a way to suit the time and purpose of the writer. Historical persons, also, are liberally introduced, the king himself, who figures largely till his death, Pope Innocent III, Cardinal Pandulph, Stephen Langton, Simon of Swinstead, and a monk called Raymundús, and with these are mixed up divers personifications, such as Eng-land, who is said to be a widow, Imperial Majesty, who is supposed to take the government at John's death, No-

bility, Clergy, Civil Order, Treason, Verity, and Sedition,, who serves as the Jester of the piece. Thus we have some elements of historical plays, such as were used on the public stage forty or fifty years later, and some of the common materials of the old moralities, which gradually gave place to real or imaginary characters. So that the play stands about midway between moralities and historical plays; and it is the only specimen in that kind of so early a date that is known to exist.

The original manuscript of Bale's *Pageant* was preserved in the library of the Duke of Devonshire, and has been lately edited by Mr. Collier, and published by the Camden Society. The play, though written by a bishop, teems with the lowest ribaldry and vituperation, insomuch that Mr. Knight pronounces "the intolerance of Bale against the Romish Church the most fierce and rampant exhibition of passion that ever assumed the ill-assorted garb of religious zeal." And, therewithal, the thing is totally barren of any thing that can pretend to the name of poetry or of dramatic life; and, in brief, is at once thoroughly stupid, malignant, and vile. In both these respects the *King John* of 1591 is a prodigious advance upon its predecessor. The most considerable exception in the later play is where Faulconbridge, while by order of the King he is plundering the religious houses, finds a fair young nun hidden in a chest which was supposed to contain the abbot's treasures. Campbell regrets that the Poet did not retain this incident; a regret with which we can by no means sympathize: for, surely, to set forth the crimes of individuals in such a way or at such a time as to fix a stigma upon whole classes of men, was a work that might well be left to meaner hands. In both the old plays, however, an intense hatred of Popery runs as a special purpose through the drama. Which matter is reformed altogether in Shakespeare; who, no doubt, understood well enough that any such special purpose would not consist with the just proportions of art; that to make the drama a vehicle for any such particular invective or sarcasm was quite "from the

purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature." He therefore betrays no repugnance to Popery save in the form of a just and genuine patriotism; has no particular symptoms of a Protestant spirit, but only the natural beatings of a sound, honest English heart, resolute to withstand alike all foreign encroachments, whether from kings, or emperors, or popes. Thus his feeling against Rome is wisely tempered in that proportion which is equally required by the laws of morality and of art, issuing in a firm, manly national sentiment with which all men may justly sympathize, be their creed what it may. And, surely, no English mouth can refuse the words,—“We must be free or die, who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spake.” So that the Poet's *King John*, viewed thus in connection with the model after which it was framed, yields a most forcible instance and proof of his universality. He follows his guide in those things which appeal to the feelings of man as man; but forsakes him in whatsoever flatters the prejudices and antipathies of men as belonging to this or that party or sect. And as aversion to Rome is chastised down from the prominence of a special purpose in the play, the parts of Arthur and Constance and Faulconbridge proportionably rise; parts that spontaneously knit in and combine with the common sympathies and sentiments of humanity,—such a language as may always dwell together with the spirit of a man, and be twisted about his heart forever.

Still the question recurs, why did Shakespeare, with the authentic materials of history at hand, and with his own matchless power of shaping those materials into beautiful and impressive forms of dramatic life,—why did he in the single instance of *King John* depart from his usual course, preferring a fabulous history to the true, and that, too, even though, for aught now appears, the true would have answered his purpose just as well. It is with the view of suggesting a probable answer to this question that we have dwelt so much at length on the two plays that preceded

his. We thus see that for special causes the subject of *King John* was early brought upon the stage. The same causes long operated to keep it there. The *King John* of the stage, striking in with the passions and interests of the time, had become familiar to the people, and twined itself closely with their feelings and thoughts. A faithful version would have worked at great disadvantage in competition with the theatrical one already thus established. This strong prepossession of the popular mind Shakespeare probably did not think it wise to offend or disturb. We agree therefore with Mr. Knight, that "it was a submission of his own original powers of seizing upon the feelings and understanding of his audience, to the stronger power of habit in the same audience." In other words, the current of popular association being so strong already, he chose to fall in with it, rather than undertake to stem it. We may regret that he did so; but we can scarce doubt that he did it knowingly and upon principle: nor should we so much blame him for not turning that stream, as thank him for thus purifying it.

The only extant or discovered notice of Shakespeare's *King John*, till it appeared in the folio of 1623, is by Meres in his *Wit's Commonwealth*. So that all we can say with any certainty is, that the play was written some time before 1598. Blount and Jaggard made an entry in the Stationers' Register, November 8, 1623, of the plays "not formerly entered to other men;" and *King John* is not among them. From which we might naturally infer that the play had been "entered to other men," and perhaps already published; but nothing of the sort has been heard of in our day. In the folio it stands the fifteenth in the volume, and the first in the division of Histories; printed so clearly and carefully in the main, as to leave little room for question concerning the text.

Divers attempts have been made to argue the date of the writing from allusions to contemporary matters; respecting which attempts we cannot stop, nor is it worth the while, to say more than that they do not really amount

to anything at all. Some of the German critics, on the other hand, seem altogether out, when, arguing from the internal evidence of style, structure of the verse, tone of thought, and peculiarity of dramatic logic, they refer *King John* to the same period of the author's life with *The Tempest*, *Cymbeline* and *The Winter's Tale*. In all these respects it strikes us rather as having something of an intermediate cast between *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *The Merchant of Venice*. We are persuaded, though we should be troubled to tell why, that it was written some time before the two parts of *King Henry IV*. The play, especially in the first three acts, has a certain smoothness and fluency of diction, an uniformity of pause, and a regularity of cadence; therewithal, the persons deliver themselves somewhat in the style of set speeches, rather as authors striving for effect, than as men and women stirred by the real passions and interests of life; there is something of a bookish grandiloquent tang in the dialogue: all which smacks as if the Poet had here written more from what he had read in books, or heard at the theater, than from what his most prying, quick, and apprehensive ear had overheard of the hitherto unwritten drama of actual and possible men. These peculiarities, to be sure, have been partly justified by Schlegel, as growing naturally out of the subject: still we must needs think them to have proceeded mainly from the undergraduate state, so to speak, of the author's genius. "In *King John*," says that accomplished scholar and critic, "the political and warlike events are dressed out with solemn pomp, for the very reason that they have little of true grandeur. The falsehood and selfishness of the monarch speak in the style of a manifesto. Conventional dignity is most indispensable where personal dignity is wanting. Faulconbridge is the witty interpreter of this language: he ridicules the secret springs of politics, without disapproving of them; for he owns that he is endeavoring to make his fortune by similar means, and would rather be of the deceivers than the deceived, there being in his view of the world no other choice." In



the last two acts, however, we have much more of the full-grown Shakespeare, sure-footed and self-supporting: the hidden elements of character, and the secret subtle shapings and turnings of guilty thought, shining out in clear transparence, or flashing forth amidst the very stress of action and the exigencies of passion; with frequent kindlings of poetic and dramatic inspiration, such as might befit his wealthiest years.

That the reader may have the whole matter before him here, we will present, as briefly as may be, so much of actual history as will throw light directly upon the play, omitting, however, such points as we have already noticed. In 1190, when Arthur was but two years old, his uncle Richard I contracted him in marriage with the daughter of Tancred, king of Sicily, at the same time owning him as "our most dear nephew, and heir, if by chance we should die without issue." At Richard's death, however, in 1199, John produced a testament of his brother, giving him the crown. Anjou, Touraine, and Maine were the proper patrimony of the Plantagenets, and therefore devolved to Arthur as the acknowledged representative of that house, the rule of lineal succession being there fully settled. To the ducal chair of Brittany Arthur was the proper heir in right of his father, and his mother was then duchess regnant of that province. John claimed the dukedom of Normandy, and his claim was there allowed, as the proper inheritance from his ancestor, William the Conqueror. Poictou and Guienne were the inheritance of his mother Elinor; but she made over her title to him; and there also his claim was recognized. The English crown he claimed in virtue of his brother's testament; but took care, as we have seen, to strengthen that claim with whatsoever of force might accrue from a popular election. In the strict order of hereditary right, all these possessions, be it observed, were due to Arthur; but that order, it appears, was not fully established, save in the three provinces belonging to the house of Anjou.

As duke of Brittany, Arthur was a vassal of France,

and therefore bound to homage as the condition of his title. Constance, feeling his need of a protector, engaged to Philip Augustus, the French king, that he should do homage also for the other provinces, where his right was clogged by no such conditions. Philip accordingly met him at Mans, received his oath, gave him knighthood, and took him to Paris. Philip was cunning, ambitious and unscrupulous, and his plan was to drive his own interests in Arthur's name: with the prince entirely in his power, he could use him as an ally or as a prisoner, whichever would best serve his turn; and in effect "Arthur was a puppet in his hands, to be set up or knocked down, as he desired to bully or cajole John out of the territories he claimed in France." In the year 1200 Philip was at war with John in pretended maintenance of Arthur's rights; but before the close of the year the war ended in a peace, by the terms of which John was to pay twenty thousand marks, and give his niece, Blanch of Castile, in marriage to Lewis the Dauphin, with a dowry of several valuable fiefs, and was acknowledged rightful heir to his late brother; and Arthur was to hold even his own Brittany as a vassal of John, and was created earl of Richmond. At the time of this treaty Constance was still alive; and Arthur, fearing, it is said, his uncle's treachery, remained in the care of Philip. In less than two years, however, the peace was broken. John, though his former wife was still living, having seized and married Isabella of Angouleme, already betrothed to the Count de la Marche, the Count headed an insurrection in Aquitaine, and Philip joined him, brought Arthur again upon the scene, and made him raise the flag of war against his uncle. For some time Philip was carrying all before him in the French territories of his adversary, till at length Arthur was sent with a small force against the town of Mirabeau, where his grandmother Elinor was stationed; and while he was besieging her in the castle, John, being apprised of her danger, "used such diligence that he was upon his enemies' necks ere they could understand any thing of his coming." His mother was quickly relieved,

Arthur fell into his hands, and was conveyed to the castle of Falaise; and Philip withdrew from the contest, as the people would have nothing to do with him but as the protector of their beloved Prince.

The capture of Arthur took place in July, 1202. The story of what presently followed is thus told by Holinshed: "It is said that King John caused his nephew to be brought before him at Falaise, and went about to persuade him all that he could to forsake his friendship and alliance with the French king, and to lean and stick to him his natural uncle. But Arthur, like one that wanted good counsel, and abounding too much in his own wilful opinion, made a presumptuous answer, not only denying so to do, but also commanding John to restore unto him the realms of England, with all those other lands and possessions which King Richard had in his hand at the hour of his death. . . . King John, being sore moved by such words thus uttered by his nephew, appointed that he should be straitly kept in prison."

The king then betook himself to England, and had his coronation repeated by Hubert the Primate, who, by the way, must not be confounded with Hubert de Burgh, the jailer of the young prince; and shortly after he returned to France, where, a rumor being spread abroad of Arthur's death, the nobles made great suit to have him set at liberty, and, not prevailing in that, banded together, and "began to levy sharp wars against King John in divers places, insomuch that it was thought there would be no quiet in those parts, so long as Arthur lived." A charge of murder being then carried to the French court, and the king being summoned thither for trial, he refused; whereupon the court gave judgment, that "whereas John, duke of Normandy, in violation of his oath to Philip his lord, had murdered the son of his elder brother, an homager of the crown of France, and near kinsman to the king, and had perpetrated the crime within the seigniory of France, he was found guilty of felony and treason, and was therefore adjudged to forfeit all the lands which he held by homage."



Thence sprung up a war in which John was totally stripped of his French possessions, and at last stole off with inexpressible baseness and cowardice to England.

The quarrel between John and the Pope did not break out till 1207. First came the interdict, then, some years after, the excommunication, and finally, at a like interval, the deposition, Philip being engaged, as we have already seen, to go with an army and execute the sentence; wherein he was likely to succeed, till, John having made his submission, the Pope took his side against the French king. John died in 1216, amidst his contests with the barons touching Magna Charta. Sundry critics have complained that the Poet made no use of this celebrated instrument, and did not even once allude to it in the play. Concerning which point we need but say that, besides that Magna Charta was then little known and less cared for by any but lawyers, it was nowise legitimate matter of dramatic interest. So that the complaint may be set aside at once as altogether impertinent.

The characterization of this play in the degree of excellence corresponds very well with the period to which we have on other grounds assigned the writing. The King, as he stands in authentic history, was such a piece of irredeemable depravity, so thoroughly rotten-hearted, weak-headed, and bloody-handed, that to set him forth truly without seeming to be dealing in caricature or lampoon, required no little art. The Poet was under the necessity in some sort of leaving his qualities to be inferred, instead of directly expressing them: the point was to disguise his meannesses, and yet so to order that disguise as to suggest that it covered something too vile to be seen. And what could better infer his cringing, cowardly, slinking, yet malignant spirit, than his two scenes with Hubert de Burgh, where he durst not look his purpose in the face; and his base mind dodges and skulks and backs out from gathering its own issues; and he tries by hints and fawning innuendoes to secure the passage of his thought into effect, without committing himself to any responsibility for

it; and wants another should be the agent of his will, and yet bear the blame as if acting of his own accord; and then, when the consequences begin to threaten and press upon him, he accuses the aptness of the instrument as the cause of his suggestion; and the only sagacity he shows is in shirking and shifting the responsibility of his own guilty purpose; his sneaking selfish fear inspiring him with a quickness and fertility of thought, such as he could never exert in any good cause.

The genius and art of Mrs. Siddons, to which the part of Constance was no doubt peculiarly fitted, have apparently caused the critics of her time, and their immediate followers, to set a higher estimate upon the character than seems fully borne out by the work itself. The abatement, however, that we would make refers not so much to the idea of the character, as to the style of the execution, wherein we cannot but think her far from exemplifying the Poet's full strength and inwardness with nature. That idea is well stated by Hazlitt as "the excess of maternal tenderness, rendered desperate by the fickleness of friends and the injustice of fortune, and made stronger in will, in proportion to the want of all other power." The character, though drawn in the best of situations for its amiability to appear, is not a very amiable one, and therein is perhaps the truer to history, as the chroniclers make her out rather selfish and weak; not so religious in motherhood, but that she betrayed a rather unhandsome impatience of widowhood. Nevertheless, it must be owned that the voice of maternal grief and affection speaks from her lips with not a little majesty of pathos, and occasionally flows in strains of the most melting tenderness: though in general the effect of her sorrow is marred by too great an infusion of anger; in her grief she has too much pride, self-will, and volubility of scorn, to have the full touch of our sympathies; her speech being stinging and spiteful, and sounding quite as much of the intemperate scold, as of the broken-hearted and disconsolate mother. As to the execution of the part, there is in many of her speeches too much

of what we have already referred to as smacking more of the author than of the woman; redundancy of rhetoric and verbal ingenuity giving them something of a theatrical relish, as though they were spoken rather for effect than from true feeling.

As Shakespeare used the allowable license of art in stretching the life of Constance beyond its actual date, that he might enrich his work with the eloquence of a mother's love; so he took a like freedom in making Arthur younger than he really was, that he might in larger measure pour in the sweetness of childish innocence and wit. At all events, we cannot in either case blame the fault, if it be one, the issue of it being so proper. And in Arthur he gained thereby the further advantage, that the sparing of his eyes is owing to his potency of tongue and the awful might of unresisting gentleness; whereas in actual history he is indebted for this to his strength of arm. The Arthur of the play is an artless, gentle, natural-hearted, but high-spirited and eloquent boy, in whom we have the voice of nature pleading for nature's rights, unrestrained by pride of character or of place; who at first braves his uncle, because set on to do so by his mother, and afterwards fears him, yet knows not why, because his heart is too full of the boldness of youth to conceive how any thing so treacherous and unnatural can be, as that which he fears. In his dying speech,—“O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones,”—our impression against John is most artfully heightened, all his foregoing inhumanity being, as it were, gathered and concentrated into an echo. Of the scene between him and Hubert, when he learns the order to put out his eyes, Hazlitt justly says,—“If any thing ever were penned, heart-piercing, mixing the extremes of terror and pity, of that which shocks and that which soothes the mind, it is this scene.” Yet even here the tender pathos of the loving and lovely boy is marred by some artificial conceits and prettinesses which we cannot believe Shakespeare would have let fall in his best days. The Poet has several times thrown the sweet witchery of his genius into pictures of

nursery life, bringing children upon the scene, and delighting us with their innocent archness and sweet-witted prattle, as in case of Hermione and Mamillius in *The Winter's Tale*, and of Lady Macduff and her son in *Macbeth*; but the part of Arthur is by far his most charming and powerful thing in that line. That his glorious, manly heart loved to make childhood its playmate, cannot be doubted.

The reign of King John furnished no characters fully answerable to the demands of dramatic interest. To meet this want, therefore, there was need of one or more "representative" characters,—men in whom should be centralized and consolidated various elements of national character, which were in fact dispersed through a multitude of individuals. And such is Faulconbridge, with his fiery flood of Norman vigor bounding through his veins, his irrepressible gush of animal spirits, his athletic and frolicsome wit, his big, brave, manly heart, his biting sword, and his tongue equally biting, afraid of nothing but to do what were dishonorable or wrong. And with all his laughing, roughness of speech, and iron sternness of act, so blunt, bold, and downright, he is full of humane and gentle feeling. With what burning eloquence of indignation does he denounce the supposed murder of Arthur! though he has no thought of abetting his claim to the throne against the present occupant. The Poet has managed with great art that he may be held to John throughout the play, by ties which he is too clear of head and too upright of heart to think of renouncing. "In the outset he receives honor from the hands of John,—and he is grateful: in the conclusion he sees his old patron, weak indeed and guilty, but surrounded with enemies,—and he will not be faithless." In his clear-sighted and comprehensive patriotism the diverse interests that split others into factions, and plunge them into deadly strife, are smoothly reconciled; and he is ready with tongue and sword to beat down whatsoever anywhere obstructs the reign of a broad and generous nationality. Verily, he stands next to Falstaff as an ideal repre-

sentative of actual men. Thoroughly Gothic in features and proportions, and as thoroughly English in temper and spirit, his presence rays life and true manliness into every part of the drama, where they would else be wanting. Is it strange that a nation which could grow such originals should have beaten all the rest of the world in everything useful, or beautiful, or great?

## COMMENTS

By SHAKESPEAREAN SCHOLARS

### KING JOHN

The character of King John himself is kept pretty much in the background; it is only marked in by comparatively slight indications. The crimes he is tempted to commit are such as are thrust upon him rather by circumstances and opportunity than of his own seeking: he is here represented as more cowardly than cruel, and as more contemptible than odious. The play embraces only a part of his history. There are, however, few characters on the stage that excite more disgust and loathing. He has no intellectual grandeur or strength of character to shield him from the indignation which his immediate conduct provokes: he stands naked and defenseless, in that respect, to the worst we can think of him: and besides, we are impelled to put the very worst construction on his meanness and cruelty by the tender picture of the beauty and helplessness of the object of it, as well as by the frantic and heart-rending pleadings of maternal despair. We do not forgive him the death of Arthur, because he had too late revoked his doom and tried to prevent it; and perhaps because he has himself repented of his black design, our *moral sense* gains courage to hate him the more for it. We take him at his word, and think his purposes must be odious indeed, when he himself shrinks back from them.—HAZLITT, *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*.

### ARTHUR

As to Arthur, he is scarcely a dramatic character with the rest, but rather a vision of something too gentle to be



human, too good for human tears; and while literary judgment is suspended, description must take refuge in similitude; he is, let us say, a fledgling dove in a cage of cultures, a frail Alpine hare-bell swept down by an avalanche: such innocence, tender pity, and gentle pathos were never blended and embodied before or since in drama or poem.—LUCE, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works*.

Shakespeare has endowed his Arthur not with the charm of precocious talent, but with the pathos and shrinking tenderness of childhood: "I am not worth this coil that's made for me"; and, instead of incurring reproof, it is he who, almost in Elinor's words, appeals to his own fiery advocate to cease pleading: "Good my mother, peace!" If the death of the princes we have in the earlier play no more than a brief though exquisite picture; but Arthur's perilous captivity is displayed in the most tender and sympathetic dramatic detail; and the pathos of the scene is derived, not from an accumulation of harrowing details, but from the ideal loveliness of childlike character which unfolds itself under the stress of Hubert's threat.—HERFORD, *The Eversley Shakespeare*.

## THE DISPUTED SUCCESSION

After the death of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, in virtue of a testament of this king, and at the instigation of the queen-mother Elinor, the rightful heir of England, the young Arthur of Bretagne, is excluded from the throne, and Richard's brother John becomes his successor. The old Elinor—an offense to morality, as Constance upbraids her in our present play and as history exhibits her—an Ate, as the play names her, who in the reign of her husband, Henry II, stirred up the sons against their father, as she now did the young Richard against the lawful heir—this Elinor is the political genius and guide of her son John. His succession serves her ambition and gratifies her hatred of Arthur's mother, Constance, who, according to Elinor's declaration,

sought on her side the throne for her son only with the ambitious design of ruling herself and "kindling all the world." Constance and her adherents call John a base usurper; John at first, in opposition to his mother, seems to trust his right as much as "his strong possession;" but his mother whispers in his ear as a secret that his throne rests more on strong possession than on right. The testament of the former king, which she has procured, and its judicial validity, rest as the dubious point between the indubitable right of Arthur and the usurpation of John. On his side is the actual possession, on Arthur's and his mother's the armed assistance of an apparently generous friend, the King of France.—GERVINUS, *Shakespeare-Commentaries*.

There is a degree of uncertainty allowed to rest in the play, on the true claim of John or Arthur to the crown, which expresses, not so much the hesitations of historians with which a poet has nothing to do, but an actual condition of things. John is found in strong possession, strong in itself in his personal qualities and in national support; beyond this, Queen Elinor, it is true, hints at a will in his favor barring the claim of Arthur of Brittany, the representative of the elder branch, but she scarcely cares to insist on it. Although, however, Elinor whispers a protest of conscience when John appeals to his right; though even Faulconbridge over the dead body of Arthur recognizes some sacred sanction of his prior claim, while it is assumed by the allies of Constance as self-evident; still there is in the abstract such superior fitness of John for his position, and backed by willing English barons, he appears to such advantage in opposition to the allies of Arthur, that we are left with the impression that with such allegiance he had in truth a better claim, had he understood the just principles of sovereign claim, than even he himself supposes.—LLOYD, *Critical Essays*.



## JOHN AND THE DEATH OF ARTHUR

John would inspire Hubert with his murderous purpose rather like some vague influence than like a personal will, obscurely as some pale mist works which creeps across the fields, and leaves blight behind it in the sunshine. He trembles lest he should have said too much; he trembles lest he should not have said enough; at last the nearer fear prevails, and the words "death," "a grave," form themselves upon his lips. Having touched a spring which will produce assassination he furtively withdraws himself from the mechanism of crime. It suits the king's interest afterwards that Arthur should be living, and John adds to his crime the baseness of a miserable attempt by chicanery and timorous sophisms to transfer the responsibility of murder from himself to his instrument and accomplice. He would fain darken the eyes of his conscience and of his understanding.—DOWDEN, *Shakspeare—His Mind and Art*.

## DRAMATIC USE OF ARTHUR

Shakespeare keeps Arthur alive, after the fashion of the old play, for some years after the real date of his death, and uses him as a dramatic puppet in events which had no relation whatever with him or his claims upon the English throne. Indeed this use of Arthur Plantagenet is the great puzzle in any effort to discriminate between what is historical in the play and what is purely dramatic license. The reader of the play must infer that this twelve-year-old boy was the central figure of human and political interest in the England of that day. He was nothing of the kind. He was of very small importance in the actual shuffling of the cards. But he offered dramatic material of considerable value, and Shakespeare used him, as the older dramatists did, without reference to the chronicles and with no attempt at preserving the real perspective of history.

Thus the assumed position of Arthur, as an abused and

oppressed rightful claimant to the throne, is connected, on no legitimate grounds whatever, with the quarrel between the Pope and King John; and also with the revolts of the Barons. All the critics note the importance attributed by the play to Arthur's movements, but not all of them point out the gross anachronism thus involved.—WARNER, *English History in Shakespeare's Plays*.

## CONSTANCE

That which strikes us as the principal attribute of Constance is power—power of imagination, of will, of passion, of affection, of pride: the moral energy, that faculty which is principally exercised in self-control, and gives consistency to the rest, is deficient; or rather, to speak more correctly, the extraordinary development of sensibility and imagination, which lends to the character its rich poetical coloring, leaves the other qualities comparatively subordinate. Hence it is that the whole complexion of the character, notwithstanding its amazing grandeur, is so exquisitely feminine. The weakness of the woman, who by the very consciousness of that weakness is worked up to desperation and defiance—the fluctuations of temper, and the bursts of sublime passion, the terrors, the impatience, and the tears, are all most true to feminine nature. The energy of Constance not being based upon strength of character, rises and falls with the tide of passion. Her haughty spirit swells against resistance, and is excited into frenzy by sorrow and disappointment; while neither from her towering pride, nor her strength of intellect, can she borrow patience to submit, or fortitude to endure. . . .

Constance, who is a majestic being, is majestic in her very frenzy. Majesty is also the characteristic of Hermione [in *A Winter's Tale*]: but what a difference between her silent, lofty, uncomplaining despair, and the eloquent grief of Constance, whose wild lamentations, which come bursting forth clothed in the grandest, the most poetical imagery, not only melt, but absolutely electrify us!

On the whole it may be said that pride and maternal affection form the basis of the character of Constance, as it is exhibited to us; but that these passions, in an equal degree common to many human beings, assume their peculiar and individual tinge from an extraordinary development of intellect and fancy. It is the energy of passion which lends the character its concentrated power as it is the prevalence of imagination throughout which dilates it into magnificence.

Some of the most splendid poetry to be met with in Shakespeare, may be found in the parts of Juliet and Constance; the most splendid, perhaps, excepting only the parts of Lear and Othello; and for the same reason,—that Lear and Othello as men, and Juliet and Constance as women, are distinguished by the predominance of the same faculties—passion and imagination.—MRS. JAMESON, *Shakespeare's Heroines*.

Constance is drawn with far more delicate insight than any of the women in *Richard III*, and is the most highly elaborated female figure in the historical plays. She is another of that numerous company in Shakspeare's earlier dramas whose sensibilities are developed to an extravagant degree. Her instinct of maternal affection is not chastened by reason into a moral principle, but is inflamed by an imagination of hectic brilliance into an abnormal passion that swallows up every thought and energy. It is this exaggerated imagination, as Mrs. Jameson has rightly insisted, that is the controlling force in the nature of Constance. The impetuous ardor of her fancy gives a special quality to her maternal love. The very attribute that is wont to be the source of all that is tenderest in womanhood breeds in her ambition, scorn, and hysterical passion, till at last it consumes her in its fires.—BOAS, *Shakspeare and his Predecessors*.

Constance is a sublime personification of the maternal character, lashed into frenzy by the potency of will, but

impotence of power to right herself of the injustice with which she is surrounded. She is a lioness at bay, her resources failed, and her retreat cut off. In the blind desire to secure her child's birthright, and in her wrath at his oppression, she fatally loses sight of the great privilege of his existence. How true to nature all this, and how accurately do we trace the gradual subsiding of her spirit of fury and resentment into an outpouring of tenderness and deprecation, as all her hopes and prospects of success fade away.—CLARKE, *Shakespeare-Characters*.

### PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE

Philip Faulconbridge is an interesting study. It would appear that Shakespeare intended to have him represent the sturdy heart of English manhood, which, while often misused, humiliated, and beaten back, finally conquered and rose to its proper place in the making of later and nobler England, as the commons; not the legislature of that name narrowly, but the makers of legislatures. So while Philip Faulconbridge was an imaginary character, he was not an imaginary force.—WARNER, *English History in Shakespeare's Plays*.

Of all the characters in the play, he [Faulconbridge] is the most independent, the most vigorous; a man bound by no prejudice, or by any consideration of the past. This advantage he owes to his very birth which connects him with the reigning dynasty, but also with the people. His motives are of the purest, or, at least, gradually become motives of pure, devoted patriotism and knightly honor; hence he alone can, with impunity, speak the truth to all, and he says it with that overflowing wealth of humor, which, according to Shakspeare's psychology, is generally at the command of minds in a truly vigorous and healthy state. This humor—which does not proceed from subtle reflection, but which springs forth from the genuine, energetic and straightforward naturalness of his disposi-

tion, as from a clear mountain spring, whose source lies high above the abodes of corrupt civilization—he applies, with bold and pertinent epithets, to ridicule the selfishness, the cowardliness and pretentiousness, the fickleness and untruthfulness of the leading characters of the action, as well as the low selfishness of the policy both of Church and State; in the mirror of his cutting irony, he shows us the rotten condition of both. As he alone bears within his breast the enduring, restoring and saving power of morality, so it is mainly through him that England is saved from the misery of civil strife, from the claws of France and of the papacy.—ULRICI, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art*.

### ELINOR OF GUIENNE

Queen Elinor preserved to the end of her life her influence over her children, and appears to have merited their respect. While entrusted with the government, during the absence of Richard I, she ruled with a steady hand, and made herself exceedingly popular; and as long as she lived to direct the counsels of her son John, his affairs prospered. For that intemperate jealousy which converted her into a domestic firebrand, there was at least much cause, though little excuse. Elinor had hated and wronged the husband of her youth [Louis VII of France], and she had afterwards to endure the negligence and innumerable infidelities of [Henry II of England,] the husband whom she passionately loved:—"and so the whirly-gig of time brought in his revenges." Elinor died in 1203, a few months after Constance, and before the murder of Arthur—a crime which, had she lived, would probably never have been consummated; for the nature of Elinor, though violent, had no tincture of the baseness and cruelty of her son.—MRS. JAMESON, *Shakespeare's Heroines*.

## BLANCHE OF CASTILE

In her exceeding beauty and blameless reputation; her love for her husband, and strong domestic affections; her pride of birth and rank; her feminine gentleness of deportment; her firmness of temper; her religious bigotry; her love of absolute power and her upright and conscientious administration of it, Blanche greatly resembled Maria Theresa of Austria. She was, however, of a more cold and calculating nature; and in proportion as she was less amiable as a woman, did she rule more happily for herself and others. There cannot be a greater contrast than between the acute understanding, the steady temper, and the cool intriguing policy of Blanche, by which she succeeded in disuniting and defeating the powers arrayed against her and her infant son, and the rash confiding temper and susceptible imagination of Constance, which rendered herself and her son easy victims to the fraud or ambition of others. Blanche, during forty years, held in her hands the destinies of the greater part of Europe, and is one of the most celebrated names recorded in history.—MRS. JAMESON, *Shakespeare's Heroines*.

## MAGNA CHARTA

Nor does a single phrase, a single syllable, in the whole play, refer to the event which, for all after-times, is inseparably associated with the memory of King John—the signing of the Magna Charta. The reason of this is evidently, in the first place, that Shakespeare kept close to the earlier drama, and, in the second place, that he did not attribute to the event the importance it really possessed, did not understand that the Magna Charta laid the foundation of popular liberty, by calling into existence a middle class which supported even the House of Tudor in its struggle with an overweening oligarchy. But the chief reason why the Magna Charta is not mentioned was, no doubt, that Elizabeth did not care to be reminded of it. She



was not fond of any limitations of her royal prerogative, and did not care to recall the defeats suffered by her predecessors in their struggles with warlike and independent vassals. And the nation was willing enough to humor her in this respect. People felt that they had to thank her government for a greater national revival, and therefore showed no eagerness either to vindicate popular rights against her, or to see them vindicated in stage-history. It was not until long after, under the Stuarts, that the English people began to cultivate its constitution. The chroniclers of the period touch very lightly upon the barons' victory over King John in the struggle for the Great Charter; and Shakespeare thus followed at once his own personal bias with regard to history, and the current of his age.—BRANDES, *William Shakespeare*.

## SHAKESPEARE AS AN ADAPTER

People have tried, at one time or another, to show that Shakespeare must have belonged to almost every conceivable trade and profession—he has so wonderful a technical knowledge, we are told, of lawyering, doctoring, soldiering, even grave-digging. There is but one thing which, to the best of my knowledge, has never been attempted: which is, to prove that he was a really good stage-manager, that he had a thorough knowledge of what may be called the business part of his art.

For, as a matter of fact, very few purely literary critics see how all-important such skill is to every dramatist—what it has done, above all, for Shakespeare. The principles and details of the construction of plays for the stage, their division into acts and scenes, and the minor rules which regulate such matters as entrances, exits, and so forth, may seem but small things compared with the power which creates living characters, the genius which produces the highest poetry; yet those lesser qualities were in very truth indispensable to his universal fame. Shakespeare would never have been read as widely, nor studied as

closely, as he now is by every class, had he not been acted always and everywhere. There is not an evening in the year during which at some provincial theater in England some play of Shakespeare is not being acted; "on an emergency," country managers will tell you, "we always put up *Hamlet*." No other dramatist ever kept the stage for three hundred years; no other dramatist ever bore translation into every tongue; no other ever so pleased every class of audience, from the roughs of California to the most cultivated gatherings of artists, poets, critics. It cannot be his poetry, his philosophy, his drawing of character, which have thus supremely fitted him for the stage; they could hardly *tell* so through bad acting and bad translation. It is the way in which he makes the framework of his plots, in which he presents his story and his characters, that gives force to his strong "situations," and secures their effect, under however unfavorable circumstances.—ROSE, *King John*, in the *Quarto Facsimile Shakespeare*.

## THE PLAYWRIGHT'S TREATMENT OF HIS MATERIAL

Though it is quite true that no good play can be made of the historic John, who degraded himself from the representative of England's independence into the Pope's tool, from a man into a cur, yet it is clear that the old Playwright made a very fair drama on the subject for his time. That scene xi of Part I, p. 41-2, when the Bastard finds the Nun locked up in the Prior's chest "to hide her from lay men," and then discovers "Friar Lawrence" locked up in the ancient Nun's chest, must have been a very telling one on the Elizabethan stage: you can fancy the audience's chuckles over it. So also must the Faulconbridge incident, I, i, p. 7-17, and the Bastard killing Limoges on the stage, Pt. I, sc. xi, p. 35, have been thoroughly appreciated. Besides these scenes, the pathos of Arthur's death, the patriotism of the resistance to the Pope, and to

John's oppressive taxation, the treachery of the French turning the nobles back to their allegiance, the final echo of the Chronicler,

“Let *England* live but true within it selfe,  
And all the world can never wrong her state. . . .  
If England's Peeres and people ioyne in one,  
Nor Pope, nor *France*, nor *Spain* can doo them wrong,”—

all these points must have appealed strongly to an audience of Elizabeth's time, to whom home strife, Armada threats, disputed succession to the throne, and Papal intrigues, were matters of lifelong familiarity.—FURNIVALL, *King John*, in the *Quarto Facsimile of Shakespeare*.



THE LIFE AND DEATH  
OF KING JOHN

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING JOHN

PRINCE HENRY, *son to the king*

ARTHUR, *Duke of Bretagne, nephew to the king*

The Earl of PEMBROKE

The Earl of ESSEX

The Earl of SALISBURY

The Lord BIGOT

HUBERT DE BURGH

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *son to Sir Robert Faulconbridge*

PHILIP the Bastard, *his half-brother*

JAMES GURNEY, *servant to Lady Faulconbridge*

PETER of Pomfret, *a prophet*

PHILIP, *king of France*

LEWIS, *the Dauphin*

Lymoges, *Duke of AUSTRIA*

CARDINAL PANDULPH, *the Pope's legate*

MELUN, *a French lord*

CHATILLON, *ambassador from France to King John*

QUEEN ELINOR, *mother to King John*

CONSTANCE, *mother to Arthur*

BLANCH of Spain, *niece to King John*

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE

Lords, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers,  
Messengers, and other Attendants

SCENE: *Partly in England, and partly in France*



# SYNOPSIS

By J. ELLIS BURDICK

## ACT I

When Richard Cœur-de-Lion died, the crown of England should have come to his son, Prince Arthur, but his brother John usurped it. Philip of France supports the claims of Arthur and threatens to make war on England. In return John plans an invasion of France and appoints a natural son of Richard as one of the generals under the name and title of Sir Richard Plantagenet.

## ACT II

An indecisive battle is fought between the English and French before Angiers in France and afterward a treaty of peace is concluded between the two kings. Blanche, niece to King John, is married to Lewis, Dauphin of France, and for her dowry the English king relinquishes certain English provinces.

## ACT III

John refuses to obey a mandate of the Pope and is excommunicated. The papal legate demands that Philip refuse to abide by the terms of the treaty "on peril of a curse." John and Philip again take up arms and the French are defeated in battle. The prince Arthur is taken prisoner and John gives instructions for his murder.

## ACT IV

Hubert, an English courtier, is commissioned by John to burn out Arthur's eyes; but the boy's entreaties weaken

Hubert's resolution and he risks disobeying the king's instructions. The French under the Dauphin invade England. Arthur attempts to escape from his prison by leaping from the castle walls, but he is hurt to the death by the stones on which he falls. His body is found by three nobles who, already discontented with John and believing the prince murdered by his order, desert him and join the Dauphin.

## ACT V

John, thinking to arrest the invasion of the French, yields to the papal demands. But Lewis refuses to turn back, claiming the crown by right of his marriage since Arthur is dead. A strongly contested battle ensues, but the result is indecisive. The English lords who had joined the French return to their allegiance in time to be pardoned by John before his death from a poison given him by a monk. The French willingly conclude a peace with the English and John's son ascends the throne as Henry III.

# THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN

## ACT FIRST

### SCENE I

*King John's Palace.*

*Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, Salisbury, and others, with Chatillon.*

*K. John.* Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

*Chat.* Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France

In my behavior to the majesty,  
The borrowed majesty, of England here.

*Eli.* A strange beginning: 'borrowed majesty!'

*K. John.* Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

*Chat.* Philip of France, in right and true behalf  
Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,  
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim  
To this fair island and the territories, 10  
To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,  
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword  
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,

And put the same into young Arthur's hand,  
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

*K. John.* What follows if we disallow of this?

*Chat.* The proud control of fierce and bloody war,  
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

*K. John.* Here have we war for war and blood for  
blood,

Controlment for controlment: so answer  
France. 20

*Chat.* Then take my king's defiance from my  
mouth,

The farthest limit of my embassy.

*K. John.* Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:  
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;  
For ere thou canst report I will be there,  
The thunder of my canon shall be heard:

15. "*Thy nephew and right royal sovereign*"; as Richard I died without lawful issue, the crown in the strict order of succession would have fallen to his nephew Arthur, Duke of Brittany, then in his twelfth year. But the crown was then partly elective, the nation choosing from the members of the royal family the one they thought fittest for the office. Arthur held the duchy of Brittany in right of his father, Geoffrey Plantagenet, an elder brother of John. Anjou, Touraine, and Maine, the ancient patrimony of the house of Anjou, were his by hereditary right. As Duke of Brittany Arthur was a vassal of Philip Augustus, King of France; and Constance engaged to Philip that her son should do him homage also for Normandy, Maine, Anjou, Touraine, and Poictou, on condition that Philip should support his claim to the English crown. England having declared for John, the play opens with Philip's interference in behalf of Arthur.—H. N. H.

20. According to the Cambridge editors the line must probably be scanned as an Alexandrine, reading the first "*controlment*" in the time of a trisyllable and the second as a quadrisyllable. This seems very doubtful; the irregularity of the line is not remarkable; there is merely an extra syllable before the pause:—

*Contról|ment fór| contrólment || so áns|wer Fránce.*—I. G.

26. "*The thunder of my cannon*"; the Poet here anticipates the use

So hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath  
And sullen presage of your own decay.

An honorable conduct let him have:

Pembroke, look to 't. Farewell, Chatillon. 30

[*Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke.*]

*Eli.* What now, my son! have I not ever said

How that ambitious Constance would not cease

Till she had kindled France and all the world,

Upon the right and party of her son?

This might have been prevented and made  
whole

With very easy arguments of love,

Which now the manage of two kingdoms must

With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

*K. John.* Our strong possession and our right for  
us.

of gunpowder by about a hundred years. Thus, again, in Act ii. he speaks of "bullets wrapp'd in fire." A similar anachronism occurs in *Macbeth*, Act i. sc. 2: "They were as *cannons* overcharg'd with double cracks." John's reign began in 1199, and cannon are said to have been first used at the battle of Cressy, in 1346. In all these cases Shakespeare simply aimed to speak the language that was most intelligible to his audience, rendering the ancient engines of war by their modern equivalents. Of course he is found fault with by those who in a drama prefer chronological accuracy to dramatic effect.—H. N. H.

28. "*sullen presage of your own decay*"; there is perhaps an allusion here to the dismal passing-bell, as Steevens suggested; according to Delius, the trumpet of doom is alluded to. There is, however, no difficulty in the thought as it stands, without these references to a secondary idea.—I. G.

34. "*Her son*"; Elinor's hostility to Constance is thus accounted for by Holinshed: "Surely Queen Elinor, the king's mother, was sore against her nephew Arthur, rather moved thereto by envy conceived against his mother, than upon any just occasion given in the behalf of the child; for that she saw if he were king how his mother Constance would look to bear most rule within the realm of England, till her son should come to lawful age to govern of himself."—H. N. H.

*Eli.* Your strong possession much more than your  
 right, 40  
 Or else it must go wrong with you and me:  
 So much my conscience whispers in your ear,  
 Which none but heaven and you and I shall  
 hear.

*Enter a Sheriff.*

*Essex.* My liege, here is the strangest controversy  
 Come from the country to be judged by you,  
 That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?

*K. John.* Let them approach.  
 Our abbeyes and our priories shall pay  
 This expedition's charge.

*Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip his  
 bastard brother.*

What men are you?

*Bast.* Your faithful subject I, a gentleman 50  
 Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,  
 As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,  
 A soldier, by the honor-giving hand  
 Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

49. "*expedition's*"; first Folio *expeditious*; an obvious misprint.—  
 I. G.

"*Bastard brother*"; Richard I died without lawful issue. Holinshed, speaking of the first year of John's reign, says,—“The same year also, Philip, bastard son to King Richard, to whom his father had given the castle and honour of Coynack, killed the Viscount of Lymoges, in revenge of his father's death, who was slain in besieging the castle of Chalus Cheverell.” The old play furnished Shakespeare a slight hint towards the character:

“Next them a bastard of the king's deceas'd,  
 A hardie wild-head, rough and venturous.”—H. N. H.

54. "*Cœur-de-lion*"; "*Cordelion*"; in the Folios and old play; perhaps the spelling should be kept as the popular form of the name.



**K. John.** What art thou?

**Rob.** The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

**K. John.** Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?

You came not of one mother then, it seems.

**Bast.** Most certain of one mother, mighty king;

That is well known; and, as I think, one father:

But for the certain knowledge of that truth 61

I put you o'er to heaven and to my mother:

Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

**Eli.** Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy  
mother

And wound her honor with this diffidence.

**Bast.** I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;

That is my brother's plea and none of mine;

The which if he can prove, a' pops me out

At least from fair five hundred pound a year:

Heaven guard my mother's honor and my land!

**K. John.** A good blunt fellow. Why, being  
younger born,

Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

**Bast.** I know not why, except to get the land. 70

But once he slander'd me with bastardy:

But whether I be as true begot or no,

That still I lay upon my mother's head;

But that I am as well begot, my liege,—

Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!—

Compare our faces and be judge yourself.

If old Sir Robert did beget us both 80

And were our father and this son like him,

54. "*knighted in the field*"; in "*The Troublesome Reign*" he is knighted at the siege of Acon or Acre, by the title of Sir Robert Faulconbridge of Montbery.—I. G.

O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee  
I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee!

*K. John.* Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent  
us here!

*Eli.* He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face;  
The accent of his tongue affecteth him.  
Do you not read some tokens of my son  
In the large composition of this man?

*K. John.* Mine eye hath well examined his parts  
And finds them perfect Richard. Sirrah,  
speak, 90

What doth move you to claim your brother's  
land?

*Bast.* Because he has a half-face, like my father.  
With half that face would he have all my land:  
A half-faced groat five hundred pound a year!!

*Rob.* My gracious liege, when that my father  
lived,

Your brother did employ my father much,—

*Bast.* Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land:  
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

*Rob.* And once dispatch'd him in an embassy  
To Germany, there with the emperor 100  
To treat of high affairs touching that time.  
The advantage of his absence took the king  
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;  
Where how he did prevail I shame to speak,  
But truth is truth: large lengths of seas and  
shores

85. "*trick*"; it has been suggested that "*trick*" is used here in the heraldic sense of "copy"; it would seem, however, to be used in a less definite sense.—I. G.

Between my father and my mother lay,  
As I have heard my father speak himself,  
When this same lusty gentleman was got.  
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd  
His lands to me, and took it on his death 110  
That this my mother's son was none of his;  
And if he were, he came into the world  
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.  
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,  
My father's land, as was my father's will.

**K.** *John.* Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;  
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him,  
And if she did play false, the fault was hers;  
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands  
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,  
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son, 121  
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?  
In sooth, good friend, your father might have  
kept  
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;  
In sooth he might; then, if he were my brother's,  
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,  
Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes;  
My mother's son did get your father's heir;  
Your father's heir must have your father's  
land.

**Rob.** Shall then my father's will be of no force 130  
To dispossess that child which is not his?

**Past.** Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,  
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

*Eli.* Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge,

And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,  
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,  
Lord of thy presence and no land beside?

*Bast.* Madam, an if my brother had my shape,  
And I had his, sir Robert's his, like him;  
And if my legs were two such riding-rods, 140  
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face so thin  
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose  
Lest men should say 'Look, where three-farth-  
ings goes!'

And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,  
Would I might never stir from off this place,  
I would give it every foot to have this face;  
I would not be sir Nob in any case.

137. "*Lord of thy presence*"; that is, the possessor of thy own dignified and manly appearance, resembling thy great progenitor. In Sir Henry Wotton's beautiful poem of *The Happy Man*, we have a line resembling this:

"*Lord of himself, though not of lands,  
And having nothing yet hath all.*"—H. N. H.

139. "*sir Robert's his*," so the Folios; Theobald proposed "*sir Robert his*," regarding "*his*" as the old genitive form; Vaughan "*just sir Robert's shape*"; Schmidt takes the "*'s his*" as a reduplicative possessive. Surely "*his*" is used substantively with that rollicking effect which is so characteristic of Faulconbridge. There is no need to explain the phrase as equivalent to "*his shape, which is also his father Sir Robert's*"; "*sir Robert's his*" = "*sir Robert's shape*," "*his*" emphasizing substantively the previous pronominal use of the word.—I. G.

143. "*Look, where three-farthings goes*"; three-farthing pieces of silver were coined in 1561 (discontinued in 1582); they were very thin, and were distinguished from the silver pence by an impression of the queen's profile, with a rose behind her ear.—I. G.

145. "*to*"; that is, *in addition* to it.—H. N. H.

147. "*I would not*"; Folio 1 reads "*It would not*," probably a misprint, though Delius makes "*it*" refer to "*His face*."—I. G.

"*sir Nob*," Sir Robert.—C. H. H.

*Eli.* I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune,  
Bequeath thy land to him and follow me?

I am a soldier and now bound to France. 150

*Bast.* Brother, take you my land, I'll take my  
chance.

Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,  
Yet sell your face for five pence and 'tis dear.

Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

*Eli.* Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

*Bast.* Our country manners give our betters way.

*K. John.* What is thy name?

*Bast.* Philip, my liege, so is my name begun;

Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

*K. John.* From henceforth bear his name whose  
form thou bear'st: 160

Kneel thou down Philip, but rise more great,  
Arise sir Richard and Plantagenet.

*Bast.* Brother by the mother's side, give me your  
hand:

My father gave me honor, yours gave land.

Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,

When I was got, sir Robert was away!

*Eli.* The very spirit of Plantagenet!

I am thy grandam, Richard; call me so.

*Bast.* Madam, by chance but not by truth; what  
though?

Something about, a little from the right, 170

153. "*sell your face for five pence and 'tis dear*"; carrying on the jest of l. 94, where it was valued at a groat (i. e. 4d.).—C. H. H.

162. "*Plantagenet*" was not the original name of the house of Anjou; but a surname formerly bestowed upon a member of the family, from his wearing a *broom-stalk*, that is, *planta genista*, in his bonnet.—H. N. H.

In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:  
 Who dares not stir by day must walk by night,  
 And have is have, however men do catch:  
 Near or far off, well won is still well shot,  
 And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

*K. John.* Go, Faulconbridge: now hast thou thy  
 desire;

A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.  
 Come, madam, and come, Richard, we must  
 speed

For France, for France, for it is more than  
 need.

*Bast.* Brother, adieu: good fortune come to thee!  
 For thou wast got i' the way of honesty. 181

[*Exeunt all but Bastard.*]

A foot of honor better than I was;  
 But many a many foot of land the worse.  
 Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.  
 'Good den, sir Richard!'—'God-a-mercy, fel-  
 low!'—

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;  
 For new-made honor doth forget men's names;  
 'Tis too respective and too sociable  
 For your conversion. Now your traveller,

171. "*Or else o'er the hatch*"; these expressions were common in the time of Shakespeare for being born out of wedlock.—H. N. H.

180. "*Good fortune come to thee*"; there was an old proverb,—"*Bastards are born lucky.*" The speaker here wishes his brother may have good fortune, and implies that, had he been unlawfully begotten, the wish had been needless; alluding to the proverb.—H. N. H.

184. "*any Joan*," any peasant-girl.—C. H. H.

189. "*Your conversion*"; so in the original, which Pope changed to *conversing*. The speaker calls his *new-made honor a conversion*, that is, a change of condition; and means that to remember men's



He and his toothpick at my worship's mess, 190  
 And when my knightly stomach is sufficed,  
 Why then I suck my teeth and catechize  
 My picked man of countries: 'My dear sir,'  
 Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,  
 'I shall beseech you'—that is question now;  
 And then comes answer like an Absey book:  
 'O sir,' says answer, 'at your best command;  
 At your employment; at your service, sir:'  
 'No, sir,' says question, 'I, sweet sir, at yours:'  
 And so, ere answer knows what question would,  
 Saving in dialogue of compliment, 201  
 And talking of the Alps and Apennines,  
 The Pyrenean and the river Po,  
 It draws toward supper in conclusion so.  
 But this is worshipful society,  
 And fits the mounting spirit like myself;  
 For he is but a bastard to the time

ames is to be too careful, to punctilious, too *respective*, for one of is newly-acquired rank.—H. N. H.

190. "*My worship's mess*"; it is said, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, that "a traveler is a good thing after dinner." In that age of newly-excited curiosity, one of the entertainments at great tables seems to have been the discourse of a traveler. To use a toothpick seems to have been one of the characteristics of a traveled man who affected foreign fashions.—"*At my worship's mess*" means at that part of the table where I, as a *knight*, shall be placed.—*Your worship* was the regular address to a knight or esquire, in Shakespeare's time, as *your honor* was to a lord.—H. N. H.

193. "*My picked man of countries*" may be equivalent to *my traveled fop*: *picked* generally signified affected, over nice, or curious in dress. *Conquisite* is explained in the dictionaries *exquisitely*, *pickedly*: so that our modern *exquisites* and *dandies* are of the same race.—H. N. H.

196. "*Absey book*"; an A B C or *absey-book*, as it was then called, a *catechism*.—H. N. H.

That doth not smack of observation;  
 And so am I, whether I smack or no;  
 And not alone in habit and device, 210  
 Exterior form, outward accoutrement,  
 But from the inward motion to deliver  
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:  
 Which, though I will not practise to deceive,  
 Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;  
 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.  
 But who comes in such haste in riding-robes?  
 What woman-post is this? hath she no husband  
 That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

*Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.*

O me! it is my mother. How now, good lady?

What brings you here to court so hastily? 221

*Lady F.* Where is that slave, thy brother? where  
 is he,

That holds in chase mine honor up and down?

*Bast.* My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?

Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?

Is it sir Robert's son that you seek so?

208. "*Smack of observation*"; that is, he is accounted but a mean man, in the present age, who does not show by his dress, deportment, and talk, that he has traveled and made observations in foreign countries.—H. N. H.

216. "*strew the footsteps*," etc., i. e. make my footing surer.—C. H. H.

219. "*Blow a horn before her*"; a double allusion,—to the horn which a post blows to announce his coming, and to such a horn as the speaker's mother had bestowed on her husband.—H. N. H.

225. "*Colbrand*" was a Danish giant, whom Guy of Warwick discomfited in the presence of King Athelstan. *The History of Guy* was a popular book in the Poet's age. Drayton has described the combat in his *Poly-Olbion*, Song xii.

*Lady F.* Sir Robert's son! Aye, thou unreverend boy,

Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at sir Robert?

He is sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

*Bast.* James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile? 230

*Gur.* Good leave, good Philip.

*Bast.* Philip! sparrow: James,  
There's toys abroad: anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit Gurney.*]

Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son:  
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me  
Upon Good-Friday and ne'er broke his fast:  
Sir Robert could do well: marry, to confess,  
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it:  
We know his handiwork: therefore, good  
mother,

To whom I am beholding for these limbs?

231. "*Sparrow*"; Warburton conjectured this should be, *spare me*; thereupon Coleridge has the following: "Nothing can be more lively or characteristic than 'Philip? sparrow!' Had Warburton read old Melton's *Philip Sparrow*, an exquisite and original poem, and, no doubt, popular in Shakespeare's time, even Warburton would scarcely have made so deep a plunge into the *bathetic* as to have deathified *sparrow* into *spare me*." The sparrow was called Philip, because its note resembles that name. Thus in Lyly's *Mother Bombye*: "*Phip, phip*, the sparrows as they fly." And Catullus, in his *Elegy on Lesbia's Sparrow*, formed the verb *pipilabat*, to express the note of that bird. Of course the new Sir Richard tosses off the name Philip with affected contempt.—*Toys*, in the next line, means rumors, idle reports.—H. N. H.

234-235. "*eat his part upon Good-Friday*"; evidently a popular proverb, cp. Heywood's *Dialogue upon Proverbs*:

"*He may his part on Good Friday eat,  
And fast never the wurs, for ought he shall geat*" (i. e. *get*).

—I. G.

Sir Robert never help to make this leg. 240

*Lady F.* Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,  
That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine  
honor?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward  
knave?

*Bast.* Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-like.  
What! I am dubb'd! I have it on my shoulder.  
But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son;  
I have disclaim'd sir Robert and my land;  
Legitimation, name and all is gone:  
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;  
Some proper man, I hope: who was it,  
mother? 250

*Lady F.* Hast thou denied thyself a Faulcon-  
bridge?

*Bast.* As faithfully as I deny the devil.

*Lady F.* King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy  
father:

By long and vehement suit I was seduced  
To make room for him in my husband's bed:  
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge:  
Thou art the issue of my dear offense,  
Which was so strongly urged past my defenses

244. "*Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-like*"; an allusion to the old play called "*Soliman and Perseda*" (printed 1599, written probably some ten years before); Piston the buffoon, representing the old Vice of the Morality Plays, jumps on the back of Basilisco—the bragging coward, and makes him take oath on his dagger:—

BAS. "*I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—knight, good fellow, knight,*  
*knight,—*

PIST. *Knave, good fellow, knave, knave.*"

(*cp. Dodsley's Old Plays, ed. Hazlitt, Vol. v. 271-2.*)—I. G.

250. "*proper,*" comely.—C. H. H.

*Bast.* Now, by this light, were I to get again,  
 Madam, I would not wish a better father. 260  
 Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,  
 And so doth yours; your fault was not your  
 folly:

Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,  
 Subjected tribute to commanding love,  
 Against whose fury and unmatched force  
 The aweless lion could not wage the fight,  
 Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's  
 hand.

He that perforce robs lions of their hearts  
 May easily win a woman's. Aye, my mother,  
 With all my heart I thank thee for my father!  
 Who lives and dares but say thou didst not  
 well 271

When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.  
 Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;  
 And they shall say, when Richard me begot,  
 If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:  
 Who says it was, he lies; I say 'twas not.

[*Exeunt.*

268. "*Robs lions of their hearts*"; Rastell's *Chronicle* yields a good explanation of this: "It is sayd that a lyon was put to Kynge Richarde, beyng in prison, to have devoured him, and when the lyon was gapyng, he put his arm in his mouthe, and pulled the lyon by the harte so hard, that he slew the lyon, and therefore some say he is called Rycharde Cure de Lyon; but some say he is called Cure de Lyon, because of his boldnesse and hardy stomake." See, also, Percy's *Reliques*, introductory Essay on the Ancient Metrical Romances.—H. N. H.

## ACT SECOND

## SCENE I

*France. Before Angiers.*

*Enter Austria and forces, drums, etc., on one side: on the other King Philip of France and his power; Lewis, Arthur, Constance and attendants.*

*Lew.* Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.  
 Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,  
 Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart  
 And fought the holy wars in Palestine,  
 By this brave duke came early to his grave:  
 And for amends to his posterity,  
 At our importance hither is he come,

2. "*that great forerunner of thy blood*"; Shakespeare, by some oversight, here makes Arthur directly descended from Richard.—I. G.

5. "*by this brave duke*," so the old play. Richard was, however, slain by an arrow at the siege of Chaluz, some years after the Duke's death.—I. G.

Richard I fell by the hand of one of his own vassals, the Viscount of Lymoges. Shakespeare followed the old play in making Lymoges and Austria the same person. Thus in Act iii. Constance says to the Archduke,—"*O, Lymoges! O, Austria! thou dost shame that bloody spoil.*" And in the old play: "*The bastard chaseth Lymoges the Austrich duke, and maketh him leave the lyon's skin.*" In point of fact, Leopold, the duke of Austria, who imprisoned Richard I, died by a fall from his horse in 1195, four years before John came to the throne.—H. N. H.



To spread his colors, boy, in thy behalf,  
And to rebuke the usurpation  
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John: 10  
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome  
hither.

*7th.* God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death  
The rather that you give his offspring life,  
Shadowing their right under your wings of  
war:

I give you welcome with a powerless hand,  
But with a heart full of unstained love:  
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

*8th.* A noble boy! Who would not do thee  
right?

*9th.* Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,  
As seal to this indenture of my love, 20  
That to my home I will no more return,  
Till Angiers and the right thou hast in France,  
Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,  
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring  
tides

And coops from other lands her islanders,  
Even till that England, hedged in with the  
main,

That water-walled bulwark, still secure  
And confident from foreign purposes,  
Even till that utmost corner of the west  
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy, 30  
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

*10th.* "secure and confident from foreign purposes," fearless of in-  
con.—C. H. H.



*Const.* O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's  
thanks,

Till your strong hand shall help to give him  
strength

To make a more requital to your love!

*Aust.* The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their  
swords

In such a just and charitable war.

*K. Phi.* Well, then, to work: our cannon shall be  
bent

Against the brows of this resisting town.

Call for our chiefest men of discipline,

To cull the plots of best advantages: 40

We'll lay before this town our royal bones,

Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's  
blood,

But we will make it subject to this boy.

*Const.* Stay for an answer to your embassy,  
Lest unadvised you stain your swords with  
blood:

My Lord Chatillon may from England bring

That right in peace which here we urge in war,

And then we shall repent each drop of blood

That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

*Enter Chatillon.*

*K. Phi.* A wonder, lady! lo, upon thy wish, 50  
Our messenger Chatillon is arrived!

What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;

We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.

40. "*Best advantages*"; that is, to select the most advantageous  
places.—H. N. H.

*Chat.* Then turn your forces from this paltry siege  
 And stir them up against a mightier task.  
 England, impatient of your just demands,  
 Hath put himself in arms: the adverse winds,  
 Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him  
 time

To land his legions all as soon as I;  
 His marches are expedient to this town, 60  
 His forces strong, his soldiers confident.  
 With him along is come the mother-queen,  
 An Ate, stirring him to blood and strife;  
 With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain;  
 With them a bastard of the king's deceased;  
 And all the unsettled humors of the land,  
 Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,  
 With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens,  
 Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,  
 Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,  
 To make a hazard of new fortunes here: 71  
 In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits  
 Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er  
 Did never float upon the swelling tide,  
 To do offense and scath in Christendom.

[*Drum beats.*

60. Shakespeare uses "*expedient*" in the classical sense of *expedire*; literally *free-footed*. From *expedire*, to hasten.—H. N. H.

63. "*Até*"; the Goddess of Discord.—H. N. H.

64. "*her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain*," i. e. her granddaughter; Blanch was the daughter of John's sister Eleanor and Alphonso III King of Castile.—I. G.

65. "*of the king's deceased*," i. e. "*of the deceased king*"; Folios 2, 4, "*king*"; but Folio 1, "*kings*" = "*king's*" is idiomatically correct.—I. G.

73. "*Waft*" for *wafted*.—H. N. H.

The interruption of their churlish drums  
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,  
To parley or to fight; therefore prepare.

*K. Phi.* How much unlook'd for is this expedition

*Aust.* By how much unexpected, by so much 8  
We must awake endeavor for defense;  
For courage mounteth with occasion:  
Let them be welcome then; we are prepared.

*Enter King John, Elinor, Blanch, the Bastard,,  
Lords, and Forces.*

*K. John.* Peace be to France, if France in peace  
permit

Our just and lineal entrance to our own;  
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to  
heaven,

Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct  
Their proud contempt that beats His peace to  
heaven.

*K. Phi.* Peace be to England, if that war return  
From France to England, there to live in peace  
England we love; and for that England's sake  
With burden of our armor here we sweat. 9

This toil of ours should be a work of thine;  
But thou from loving England art so far,  
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king  
Cut off the sequence of posterity,  
Out-faced infant state and done a rape  
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.

Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face;  
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of  
his: 100

This little abstract doth contain that large  
Which died in Geffrey, and the hand of time  
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.  
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,  
And this his son; England was Geffrey's right,  
And this is Geffrey's: in the name of God  
How comes it then that thou art call'd a king,  
When living blood doth in these temples beat,  
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

*J. John.* From whom hast thou this great commis-  
sion, France, 110

To draw my answer from thy articles?

*J. Phi.* From that supernal judge, that stirs good  
thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,  
To look into the blots and stains of right:  
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:  
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,  
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

*J. John.* Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

*J. Phi.* Excuse; it is to beat usurping down.

*Phi.* Who is it thou dost call usurper, France? 120

*Monst.* Let me make answer; thy usurping son.

*Phi.* Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king,

1101. "large," full-grown form.—C. H. H.

1103. "huge"; Rowe read "large," doubtless a misprint for "huge" restored by Capell.—I. G.

1106. "this is Geffrey's"; i. e. this boy is Geffrey's son (and as such inheritor of his "right" to England). The phrase is ambiguous, but the other possible interpretations (e. g. this territory is Geffrey's) are less natural.—C. H. H.

1113. "breast"; Folio 1, "beast."—I. G.

1119. "Excuse; it is," etc.; Malone's correction of the Folios, "Excuse it is"; Rowe (ed. 2) "Excuse it, 'tis."—I. G.

That thou mayst be a queen, and check the  
world!

*Const.* My bed was ever to thy son as true  
As thine was to thy husband; and this boy  
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey  
Than thou and John in manners; being as like  
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.  
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think  
His father never was so true begot: 130  
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

*Eli.* There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy  
father.

*Const.* There's a good grandam, boy, that would  
blot thee.

*Aust.* Peace!

*Bast.* Hear the crier.

*Aust.* What the devil art thou?

*Bast.* One that will play the devil, sir, with you,  
An a' may catch your hide and you alone:  
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,  
Whose valor plucks dead lions by the beard:

123. "*a queen, and check the world*"; an allusion to the queen at chess.—C. H. H.

131. "*If thou wert his mother*"; Constance alludes to Elinor's infidelity to her husband, Louis VII, when they were in the Holy Land; on account of which he divorced her. She was afterwards, in 1151, married to King Henry II.—H. N. H.

134. "*Hear the crier*"; alluding to the usual proclamation for silence made by criers in the courts of justice.—H. N. H.

136. "*You alone*"; the lion's skin was part of the spoil which the old play represented the Archduke of Austria as having taken from Richard I. Of course the Archduke wore it in honor of his exploit in killing Richard.—H. N. H.

137. "*of whom the proverb goes*," i. e. "*Mortuo leoni et lepores insultant*"; cp. Kyd's Spanish Tragedy, "*Hares may pull dead lions by the 'beard.'*"—I. G.

I 'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right;  
Sirrah, look to 't; i' faith, I will, i' faith. 140

*Blanch.* O, well did he become that lion's robe

That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

*Bast.* It lies as sightly on the back of him

As great Alcides' shows upon an ass:

But, ass, I 'll take that burthen from your back,

Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

*Aust.* What cracker is this same that deaf's our ears

With this abundance of superfluous breath?

King Philip, determine what we shall do  
straight.

*K. Phi.* Women and fools, break off your confer-  
ence. 150

King John, this is the very sum of all;

England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,

In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:

Wilt thou resign them and lay down thy arms?

*K. John.* My life as soon: I do defy thee, France.

Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;

And out of my dear love I 'll give thee more

Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:

Submit thee, boy.

*Eli.* Come to thy grandam, child.

144. "*Great Alcides' shows upon an ass*"; alluding to the skin of the Nemean lion won by Hercules. The Folios read "*shooes*"; the reading of the text was first proposed by Theobald.—I. G.

149. "*King Philip*," etc.; the line is printed in the Folios as part of Austria's speech, with "*King Lewis*" instead of "*King Philip*"; the error was first corrected by Theobald.—I. G.

152. "*Anjou*," Theobald's correction of "*Angiers*" of the Folios.—I. G.

156. "*Bretagne*"; Folios 1, 2, "*Britaine*"; Folio 3, "*Britain*"; Folio 4, "*Brittain*."—I. G.

159. ll. 159 to 197 considered as spurious by Pope.—I. G.



*Const.* Do, child, go to it grandam, child; 160  
 Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will  
 Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:  
 There's a good grandam.

*Arth.* Good my mother, peace  
 I would that I were low laid in my grave:  
 I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

*Eli.* His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

*Const.* Now shame upon you, whether she does or  
 no!

His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's  
 shames,

Draws those heaven-moving pearls from his  
 poor eyes,

Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee; 170

Aye, with these crystal beads heaven shall be  
 bribed

To do him justice and revenge on you.

*Eli.* Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth

*Const.* Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and  
 earth!

Call not me slanderer; thou and thine usurp

The dominations, royalties and rights

Of this oppressed boy: this is thy eld'st son's  
 son,

160, 161. "*it*," old form of possessive, so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1  
 "*yt* . . . *it*"; Johnson, "*it* . . . *it*"; Capell, "*it's* . . .  
*it's*." In the Lancashire dialect "*hit*" is still the common form of the  
 possessive, an archaism used here in imitation of the language of the  
 nursery.—I. G.

167. "*whether*," monosyllabic; Folios 1, 2, 3, "*where*"; Folio 4  
 "*where*."—I. G.

168. "*wrights*," the wrongs done by her.—C. H. B.

171. "*beads*" (playing on the original sense, "prayer").—C. H. B.

177. "*this is thy eld'st*"; Capell's emendation of the Folios, "*this*"



Infortunate in nothing but in thee:  
 Thy sins are visited in this poor child;  
 The canon of the law is laid on him, 180  
 Being but the second generation  
 Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,  
 That he is not only plagued for her sin,  
 But God hath made her sin and her the plague  
 On this removed issue, plagued for her  
 And with her plague; her sin his injury,  
 Her injury the beadle to her sin,  
 All punish'd in the person of this child,  
 And all for her; a plague upon her! 190

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce  
 A will that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Aye, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;  
 A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!

Phi. Peace, lady! pause, or be more temperate:  
 It ill beseems this presence to cry aim  
 To these ill-tuned repetitions.

*thy eldest*"; Fleay proposed "*this' thy eld'st*"; Ritson, "*thy eld'st*,"  
 omitting "*this is*."—I. G.

180. "*the canon of the law*," *cp.* Exodus xx. 5.—I. G.

187. "*And with her plague; her sin his injury*," etc.; the Folios,  
 "*And with her plague her sin: his injury*," etc. The punctuation  
 adopted was first proposed by Mr. Roby, who explains the passage  
 thus:—"God hath made her sin and herself to be a plague to this  
 distant child, who is punished for her and with the punishment  
 belonging to her: God has made her sin to be an injury to Arthur,  
 and her injurious deeds to be the executioner to punish her sin: all  
 which (*viz.*, her first sin and her now injurious deeds) are punished  
 in the person of this child."—I. G.

196. "*aim*"; Folio 1, "*ayme*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*ay me*"; Rowe con-  
 jectured "*amen*"; Moberly, "*hem*"; Jackson, "*shame*"; Johnson,  
 "*aim*."—I. G.

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls  
 These men of Angiers: let us hear them speak  
 Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's. 200

*Trumpet Sounds. Enter certain Citizens  
 upon the walls.*

*First Cit.* Who is it that hath warn'd us to the  
 walls?

*K. Phi.* 'Tis France, for England.

*K. John.* England, for herself.

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

*K. Phi.* You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's sub-  
 jects,

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle,—

*K. John.* For our advantage; therefore hear us  
 first.

These flags of France, that are advanced here  
 Before the eye and prospect of your town,  
 Have hither march'd to your endamage-ment:  
 The cannons have their bowels full of wrath, 210  
 And ready mounted are they to spit forth  
 Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:  
 All preparation for a bloody siege  
 And merciless proceeding by these French  
 Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates;  
 And but for our approach those sleeping  
 stones,

206. "*For our advantage*," on our behalf. The French trumpet, blown on English territory, is admittedly sounded "*for England*"; John turns to account Philip's ambiguous expression.—C. H. H.

207. "*advanced*," *lifted*.—C. H. H.

215. "*Confronts your*," Capell's emendation; Folios 1, 2, "*Comfort yours*"; Folios 3, 4, "*Comfort your*"; Rowe suggested, "*Confront your*"; Collier, "*Come 'fore your*."—I. G.

That as a waist doth girdle you about,  
 By the compulsion of their ordinance  
 By this time from their fixed beds of lime  
 Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made 220  
 For bloody power to rush upon your peace.  
 But on the sight of us your lawful king,  
 Who painfully with much expedient march  
 Have brought a countercheck before your gates,  
 To save unscratch'd your city's threatened  
 cheeks,

Behold, the French amazed vouchsafe a parle;  
 And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,  
 To make a shaking fever in your walls,  
 They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke,  
 To make a faithless error in your ears: 230  
 Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,  
 And let us in, your king, whose labor'd spirits,  
 Forwearied in this action of swift speed,  
 Crave harborage within your city walls.

**K. Phi.** When I have said, make answer to us both.  
 Lo, in this right hand, whose protection  
 Is most divinely vow'd upon the right  
 Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,  
 Son of the elder brother of this man,  
 And king o'er him and all that he enjoys: 240  
 For this down-trodden equity, we tread  
 In warlike march these greens before your town,

217. "*waist*"; Folios 1, 2, 3, "*waste*"; Folio 4, "*waiste*"; "*doth*"; the singular by attraction to the preceding word; Rowe, "*do*."—G.

230. "*To make a faithless error in your ears*," to seduce you to a breach of faith.—C. H. H.

234. "*Crave*," so Pope; Folios read "*Craues*."—I. G.

Being no further enemy to you  
 Than the constraint of hospitable zeal  
 In the relief of this oppressed child  
 Religiously provokes. Be <sup>^</sup>pleased then  
 To pay that duty which you truly owe  
 To him that owes it, namely this young prince:  
 And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,  
 Save in aspect, hath all offense seal'd up; 250  
 Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent  
 Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;  
 And with a blessed and unvex'd retire,  
 With unhack'd swords and helmets all un-  
 bruised,

We will bear home that lusty blood again  
 Which here we came to spout against your  
 town,

And leave your children, wives and you in peace.  
 But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,  
 'Tis not the roundure of your old-faced walls  
 Can hide you from our messengers of war, 260  
 Though all these English and their discipline  
 Were harbor'd in their rude circumference.  
 Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,  
 In that behalf which we have challenged it?  
 Or shall we give the signal to our rage  
 And stalk in blood to our possession?

*First Cit.* In brief, we are the king of England's  
 subjects:

For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

259. "roundure," so Capell; Folios read "rounder"; Singer, "ron-  
 dure."—I. G.

262. "rude"; Williams conjectured "wide."—I. G.

*K. John.* Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

*First Cit.* That can we not; but he that proves the king, 270

To him will we prove loyal: till that time  
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

*K. John.* Doth not the crown of England prove the king?

And if not that, I bring you witnesses,  
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

*Bast.* Bastards, and else.

*K. John.* To verify our title with their lives.

*K. Phi.* As many and as well-born bloods as those—

*Bast.* Some bastards too.

*K. Phi.* Stand in his face to contradict his claim. 280

*First Cit.* Till you compound whose right is worthiest,

We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

*K. John.* Then God forgive the sin of all those souls

That to their everlasting residence,  
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,  
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

*K. Phi.* Amen, amen! Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

*Bast.* Saint George, that swunged the dragon, and e'er since

Sits on his horse back at mine hostess' door,

289. "*Mine hostess' door*"; the reader will of course understand that the picture of St. George armed and mounted, as when he overthrew the Dragon, was used as an innkeeper's sign. Nothing could be more spiritedly characteristic of the speaker than his thus running

Teach us some fence! [*To Aust.*] Sirrah, were  
I at home, 290

At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,  
I would set an ox-head to your lion's hide,  
And make a monster of you.

*Aust.* Peace! no more.

*Bast.* O, tremble, for you hear the lion roar.

*K. John.* Up higher to the plain; where we'll set  
forth

In best appointment all our regiments.

*Bast.* Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

*K. Phi.* It shall be so; and at the other hill  
Command the rest to stand. God and our  
right! [*Exeunt.*]

*Here after excursions, enter the Herald of France,  
with trumpets, to the gates.*

*F. Her.* You men of Angiers, open wide your  
gates, 300

And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in,  
Who by the hand of France this day hath made  
Much work for tears in many an English  
mother,

Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding  
ground:

Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,  
Coldly embracing the discolored earth;  
And victory, with little loss, doth play

his favorite war-cry into an humorous allusion. Mr. Knight points out a similar passage in Sir Walter Scott, where Callum Beg compares Waverley to "the bra' Highlander tat's painted on the board afore the mickle change-house they ca' Luckie Middlemass's."—  
H. N. H.



Upon the dancing banners of the French,  
 Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,  
 To enter conquerors, and to proclaim 310  
 Arthur of Bretagne England's king and yours.

*Enter English Herald, with trumpet.*

*E. Her.* Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your  
 bells;  
 King John, your king and England's, doth ap-  
 proach,  
 Commander of this hot malicious day:  
 Their armors, that march'd hence so silver-  
 bright,  
 Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;  
 There stuck no plume in any English crest  
 That is removed by a staff of France;  
 Our colors do return in those same hands  
 That did display them when we first march'd  
 forth; 320  
 And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come  
 Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,  
 Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes:  
 Open your gates and give the victors way.

*First Cit.* Heralds, from off our towers we might  
 behold,

316. "*Frenchmen's blood*"; Shakespeare has used this image again in *Macbeth*, Act ii. sc. 3: "Here lay Duncan, his *silver skin* laced with his *golden blood*." It occurs also in Chapman's translation of the sixteenth *Iliad*: "The cures from great Hector's breast all *gilded with his gore*."—H. N. H.

323. "*Dyed*"; Folios 1, 2, 3, "*Dide*"; Folio 4, "*dy'd*." Pope suggested "*Stain'd*"; Vaughan, "*Dipp'd*."—I. G.

325. In the Folios "the first citizen" is throughout named "Hubert," in all probability owing to the fact that the actor of the part of Hubert also took this minor character of the play.—I. G.



From first to last, the onset and retire  
 Of both your armies; whose equality  
 By our best eyes cannot be censured:  
 Blood hath bought blood and blows have an-  
     swered blows;  
 Strength match'd with strength, and power con-  
     fronted power: 330  
 Both are alike; and both alike we like.  
 One must prove greatest: while they weigh so  
     even,  
 We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

*Re-enter the two Kings, with their powers,  
 severally.*

**K. John.** France, hast thou yet more blood to cast  
     away?

Say, shall the current of our right run on?  
 Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,  
 Shall leave his native channel, and o'erswell  
 With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,  
 Unless thou let his silver water keep  
 A peaceful progress to the ocean. 340

**K. Phi.** England, thou hast not saved one drop of  
     blood,  
 In this hot trial, more than we of France;  
 Rather, lost more. And by this hand I swear,  
 That sways the earth this climate overlooks,  
 Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,  
 We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms  
     we bear,

335. "run," so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, "rome"; Malone reads, "roam"; Nicholson conjectured, "foam."—I. G.

Or add a royal number to the dead,  
 Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss  
 With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

*Bast.* Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers, 350  
 When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!  
 O, now doth Death line his dead chaps with  
 steel;

The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;  
 And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,  
 In undetermined differences of kings.

Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?

Cry 'havoc!' kings; back to the stained field,

You equal potents, fiery kindled spirits!

Then let confusion of one part confirm

The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and  
 death! 360

*K. John.* Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

*K. Phi.* Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?

*First. Cit.* The king of England, when we know the king.

*K. Phi.* Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

*K. John.* In us, that are our own great deputy,  
 And bear possession of our person here,  
 Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

347. "Add a royal number to the dead," i. e. the dead shall number a king among them.—C. H. H.

353. "fangs," Steevens' spelling for "phangs" of the Folios.—I. G.

358. "equal potents"; Collier reads "equal potent"; Delius, "equal-potents"; Dyce, "equal-potent."—I. G.

"fiery kindled," so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, "ferie kindled"; Pope, "fiery-kindled"; Collier (ed. 2), "fire-ykindled"; Lettsom conjectures "fire-enkindled."—I. G.

*First Cit.* A greater power than we denies all this;;  
 And till it be undoubted, we do lock 369  
 Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates;;  
 King'd of our fears, until our fears, resolved,  
 Be by some certain king purged and deposed.

*Bast.* By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout  
 you, kings,

And stand securely on their battlements,  
 As in a theatre, whence they gape and point  
 At your industrious scenes and acts of death.  
 Your royal presences be ruled by me:

Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,  
 Be friends awhile and both conjointly bend  
 Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town: 380  
 By east and west let France and England  
 mount

Their battering cannon charged to the mouths,  
 Till their soul-fearing clamors have brawl'd  
 down

The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city  
 I'd play incessantly upon these jades,  
 Even till unfenced desolation

371. "*King'd of our fears*"; the Folios, "*Kings of our fear*"; the excellent emendation adopted in the text was first proposed by Tyrwhitt.—I. G.

373. "*Scroyles*"; *Escroulles*, Fr., scabby fellows.—H. N. H.

378. "*the mutines of Jerusalem*," i. e. the mutineers of Jerusalem, evidently alluding to John of Giscala and Simon bar Gioras, the leaders of the opposing factions, who combined in order to resist the Roman attack. Shakespeare probably derived his knowledge from Peter Morwyng's translation (1558) of the spurious Josephus, the "*Joseppon*," as it is called: Josephus was first Englished in 1602.—I. G.

383. "*Soul-fearing*"; that is, *soul-appalling*; from the verb to *fear*, to make afraid.—H. N. H.

Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.

That done, dissever your united strengths,  
And part your mingled colors once again;  
Turn face to face and bloody point to point; 390  
Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth  
Out of one side her happy minion,  
To whom in favor she shall give the day,  
And kiss him with a glorious victory.  
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?  
Smacks it not something of the policy?

*K. John.* Now, by the sky that hangs above our  
heads,

I like it well. France, shall we knit our pow-  
ers

And lay this Angiers even with the ground;  
Then after fight who shall be king of it? 400

*Bast.* An if thou hast the mettle of a king,  
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,  
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,  
As we will ours, against these saucy walls;  
And when that we have dash'd them to the  
ground,

Why then defy each other, and pell-mell  
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell.

*K. Phi.* Let it be so. Say, where will you assault?

*K. John.* We from the west will send destruction  
Into this city's bosom. 410

*Aust.* I from the north.

*K. Phi.* Our thunder from the south  
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

412. "drift" (concrete noun from "drive"), driving shower.—C.  
L. H.

*Bast.* O prudent discipline! From north to south:  
Austria and France shoot in each other's  
mouth:

I'll stir them to it. Come, away, away!

*First Cit.* Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe awhile  
to stay,

And I shall show you peace and fair-faced  
league;

Win you this city without stroke or wound;

Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,

That here come sacrifices for the field: 420

Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

*K. John.* Speak on with favor; we are bent to hear.

*First Cit.* That daughter there of Spain, the Lady  
Blanch,

Is niece to England: look upon the years

Of Lewis the Dauphin and that lovely maid:

If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,

Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?

If zealous love should go in search of virtue,

Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?

If love ambitious sought a match of birth, 430

Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady

Blanch?

Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,

Is the young Dauphin every way complete:

If not complete of, say he is not she;

423. "*The Lady Blanch*" was daughter to Alphonso, the ninth king of Castile, and was niece to King John by his sister Eleanor.—H. N. H.

425. "*Dauphin*," so Rowe; Folios, "*Dolphin*" (*passim*).—I. G.

428. "*zealous*," holy, devout.—C. H. H.

434. "*If not complete of, say he is not she*"; that is, if he be not

Lions more confident, mountains and rocks  
More free from motion, no, not Death himself  
In mortal fury half so peremptory,  
As we to keep this city.

455. A "*stay*" here seems to mean a *supporter of a cause*. Baret translates *columen vel firmamentum reipublicæ* by "the *stay*, the chiefe mainteyner and succour of," &c. It has been proposed to read, "Here's a *say*," that is, a speech; and it must be confessed that it would agree well with the rest of Faulconbridge's speech. Perhaps, however, *stay* should be understood as referring to the



That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death  
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, in-  
deed,

That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and  
seas,

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions

As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs! 460

What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?

He speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke and  
bounce;

He gives the bastinado with his tongue:

Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his

But buffets better than a fist of France:

Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words

Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

*Eli.* Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;

Give with our niece a dowry large enough:

For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie 470

Thy now unsured assurance to the crown,

That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe

The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.

I see a yielding in the looks of France;

Mark, how they whisper; urge them while their  
souls

Are capable of this ambition,

Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath

Of soft petitions, pity and remorse,

Cool and congeal again to what it was.

*First Cit.* Why answer not the double majesties 480

This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

beginning of the Citizen's former speech,—“vouchsafe awhile to  
stay.”—H. N. H.



*K. Phi.* Speak England first, that hath been forward first

To speak unto this city: what say you?

*K. John.* If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,

Can in this book of beauty read 'I love,'

Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:

For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,

And all that we upon this side the sea,

Except this city now by us besieged,

Find liable to our crown and dignity, 490

Shall gild her bridal bed, and make her rich

In titles, honors and promotions,

As she in beauty, education, blood,

Holds hand with any princess of the world.

*K. Phi.* What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

*Lew.* I do, my lord; and in her eye I find

A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,

The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;

Which, being but the shadow of your son,

Becomes a sun and makes your son a shadow:

I do protest I never loved myself 501

Till now infixed I beheld myself

Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*Whispers with Blanch*

*Cast.* Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!

Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!

And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espy

Himself love's traitor: this is pity now,

That, hang'd and drawn and quarter'd, there  
should be

In such a love so vile a lout as he.

*Blanch.* My uncle's will in this respect is mine: 510  
If he see aught in you that makes him like,  
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,  
I can with ease translate it to my will;  
Or if you will, to speak more properly,  
I will enforce it easily to my love.  
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,  
That all I see in you is worthy love,  
Than this; that nothing do I see in you,  
Though churlish thoughts themselves should be  
your judge,

That I can find should merit any hate. 520

*K. John.* What say these young ones? What say  
you, my niece?

*Blanch.* That she is bound in honor still to do  
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

*K. John.* Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you  
love this lady?

*Lew.* Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;  
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

*K. John.* Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine,  
Maine,

Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,  
With her to thee; and this addition more,  
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin. 530  
Philip of France, if thou be pleased withal,  
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

527. "*Volquessen*," Vexin, the district round Rouen (occupied by the Velocasses in ancient Gaul).—C. H. H.

*K. Phi.* It likes us well; young princes, close your hands.

*Aust.* And your lips too; for I am well assured  
That I did so when I was first assured.

*K. Phi.* Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,  
Let in that amity which you have made;  
For at Saint Mary's chapel presently  
The rites of marriage shall be solemnized.  
Is not the Lady Constance in this troop? 540  
I know she is not, for this match made up  
Her presence would have interrupted much:  
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

*Lew.* She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.

*K. Phi.* And, by my faith, this league that we have made

Will give her sadness very little cure.

Brother of England, how may we content

This widow lady? In her right we came;

Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,  
To our own vantage.

*K. John.* We will heal up all; 550

533. "*Close your hands*"; this marriage treaty is thus narrated by Holinshed: "So King John returned from York, and sailed again into Normandy, because the variance still depended between him and the King of France. Finally, upon the Ascension-day in this second year of his reign, they came eftsoons to a communication betwixt the towns of Vernon and Lisle Dandelie, where they concluded an agreement, with marriage to be had betwixt Lewis, the son of King Philip, and the lady Blanch, daughter to Alfonso King of Castile, the eighth of that name, and niece to King John by his sister Eleanor." It was further stipulated that "the foresaid Blanch should be conveyed into France to her husband, with all speed"; which infers that she was not personally consenting to the treaty.—H. N. K.

For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Bre-  
tagne

And Earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town  
We make him lord of. Call the Lady Con-  
stance;

Some speedy messenger bid her repair  
To our solemnity: I trust we shall,  
If not fill up the measure of her will,  
Yet in some measure satisfy her so  
That we shall stop her exclamation.

Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,  
To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp. 560

*[Exeunt all but the Bastard.]*

*Bast.* Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!

John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,  
Hath willingly departed with a part:

And France, whose armor conscience buckled  
on,

Whom zeal and charity brought to the field  
As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear  
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,  
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,  
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,  
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men,  
maids,

Who, having no external thing to lose 571  
But the word 'maid,' cheats the poor maid of  
that,

That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Com-  
modity,

Commodity, the bias of the world,

574. "*the bias of the world*"; the influence which causes all men

The world, who of itself is peised well.  
 Made to run even upon even ground,  
 Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,  
 This sway of motion, this Commodity,  
 Makes it take head from all indifferency,  
 From all direction, purpose, course, intent: 580  
 And this same bias, this Commodity,  
 This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,  
 Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,  
 Hath drawn him from his own determined aid,  
 From a resolved and honorable war,  
 To a most base and vile-concluded peace.  
 And why rail I on this Commodity?  
 But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:  
 Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,  
 When his fair angels would salute my palm; 590  
 But for my hand, as unattempted yet,  
 Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.  
 Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail  
 And say there is no sin but to be rich;  
 And being rich, my virtue then shall be  
 To say there is no vice but beggary.  
 Since kings break faith upon commodity,  
 Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee. [*Exit.*]

to swerve from their normal course. Technically the *bias* was, in the game of bowls, a piece of lead introduced into one side of the bowl, causing it to swerve from the direct line. The globe of the earth is here conceived as a bowl thus "biassed."—C. H. H.

583. "*Clapp'd on the outward eye.*" The figure of the biassed bowl is still kept up. The "eye" of a bowl was "the aperture on one side which contained the bias."—C. H. H.

584. "*aid*"; Collier (ed. 2, Mason's conjecture) "*aim.*"—I. G.

## ACT THIRD

## SCENE I

*The French King's Pavilion.*

*Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.*

*Const.* Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!  
False blood to false blood join'd! gone to be  
friends!

Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those  
provinces?

It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;  
Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again:

It cannot be; thou dost but say 'tis so:

I trust I may not trust thee; for thy word  
Is but the vain breath of a common man:

Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;

I have a king's oath to the contrary. 10

Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,  
For I am sick and capable of fears,

Oppress'd with wrongs and therefore full of  
fears,

A widow, husbandless, subject to fears,

A woman, naturally born to fears;

And though thou now confess thou didst but  
jest,

With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,

16-17. "thou didst but jest, With my vex'd spirits," etc.; Rowe's

But they will quake and tremble all this day.  
 What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?  
 Why dost thou look so sadly on my son? 20  
 What means that hand upon that breast of  
 thine?

Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,  
 Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?  
 Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?  
 Then speak again; not all thy former tale,  
 But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

*Sal.* As true as I believe you think them false  
 That give you cause to prove my saying true.

*Const.* O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,  
 Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die, 30  
 And let belief and life encounter so  
 As doth the fury of two desperate men  
 Which in the very meeting fall and die.  
 Lewis marry Blanch! O boy, then where art  
 thou?

France friend with England, what becomes of  
 me?

Fellow, be gone: I cannot brook thy sight:  
 This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

*Sal.* What other harm have I, good lady, done,  
 But spoke the harm that is by others done?

*Const.* Which harm within itself so heinous is 40  
 As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

commendation of the punctuation of the Folios, "*jest . . . spirits.*"  
 —I. G.

23. "*Peering o'er his bounds*"; this seems to have been imitated by  
 Marston, in his *Insatiate Countess*, 1603: "Then how much more in  
 me, whose youthful veins like a proud river, overflow their bounds!"

—H. N. H.



*Arth.* I do beseech you, madam, be content.

*Const.* If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert  
grim,

Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb,  
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,  
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,  
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending  
marks,

I would not care, I then would be content,  
For then I should not love thee, no, nor thou  
Become thy great birth nor deserve a crown. 50  
But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy,  
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great:  
Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast  
And with the half-blown rose. But Fortune,  
O,

She is corrupted, changed and won from thee;  
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John,  
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on  
France

To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,  
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.  
France is a bawd to Fortune and King John,  
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John! 61  
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?  
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone,  
And leave those woes alone which I alone  
Am bound to under-bear.

*Sal.*

Pardon me, madam,

46. "Swart" is dark, dusky. See *The Comedy of Errors*, Act iii. sc. 2. "Prodigious" is *portentous*, so deformed as to be taken for a *foretoken of evil*.—H. N. H.

I may not go without you to the kings.

*Const.* Thou mayst, thou shalt; I will not go with thee:

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;  
For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop.  
To me and to the state of my great grief 70  
Let kings assemble; for grief's so great  
That no supporter but the huge firm earth  
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;  
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

*[Seats herself on the ground.]*

*Enter King John, King Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Eleanor, the Bastard, Austria, and Attendants.*

*K. Phi.* 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day

Ever in France shall be kept festival:  
To solemnize this day the glorious sun  
Stays in his course and plays the alchemist,  
Turning with splendor of his precious eye

69. "Owner stoops"; the meaning seems to be, that grief is so proud that even in receiving the homage of kings its owner stoops, and condescends. Sir Thomas Hanmer proposed to read *stout*, and has been followed by many editions. Dr. Johnson thus comments on the passage: "In *Much Ado about Nothing* the father of Hero, depressed by her disgrace, declares himself so subdued by grief that a word may lead him. How is it that grief in Leonato and Lady Constance produces effects directly opposite, and yet both agreeable to nature? Sorrow softens the mind while it is yet warmed by hope, but hardens it when it is congealed by despair. Distress, while there remains any prospect of relief, is weak and flexible; but when no succour remains, is fearless and stubborn: angry alike to those that injure, and those that do not help; careless to please where nothing can be gained, and fearless to offend when there is nothing further to be dreaded. Such was this writer's knowledge of the passions."—H. N. H.

The meager cloddy earth to glittering gold: 80  
 The yearly course that brings this day about  
 Shall never see it but a holiday.

*Const.* A wicked day, and not a holy day! [*Rising.*  
 What hath this day deserved? what hath it done,  
 That it in golden letters should be set  
 Among the high tides in the calendar?  
 Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,  
 This day of shame, oppression, perjury.  
 Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child  
 Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,  
 Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd: 91  
 But on this day let seamen fear no wreck;  
 No bargains break that are not this day made:  
 This day, all things begun come to ill end,  
 Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

*K. Phi.* By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause  
 To curse the fair proceedings of this day:  
 Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

*Const.* You have beguiled me with a counterfeit  
 Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and  
 tried, 100  
 Proves valueless: you are forsworn, forsworn;

86. "*high tides*," festivals of the church.—C. H. H.

92. "*But on this day*"; in the ancient almanacs the days supposed to be favorable or unfavorable to bargains are distinguished among a number of particulars of the like importance. This circumstance is alluded to in Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*, 1623: "By the almanack, I think to choose good days and shun the critical." So in Macbeth: "Let this pernicious hour stand aye accursed in the calendar."—H. N. H.

99. "*counterfeit*"; that is, a false coin; a representation of the king being usually impressed on his coin. A *counterfeit* formerly signified also a *portrait*. The word seems to be here used equivocally.—H. N. H.

You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,  
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:  
The grappling vigor and rough frown of war  
Is cold in amity and painted peace,  
And our oppression hath made up this league.  
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjured  
kings!

A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!  
Let not the hours of this ungodly day  
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset, 110  
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjured kings!  
Hear me, O, hear me!

*Aust.* Lady Constance, peace!

*Const.* War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.  
O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame  
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou  
coward!

Thou little valiant, great in villany!  
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!  
Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight  
But when her humorous ladyship is by  
To teach thee safety! thou art perjured too, 120  
And soothest up greatness. What a fool art  
thou,

A ramping fool, to brag and stamp and swear  
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,  
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side,  
Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend  
Upon thy stars, thy fortune and thy strength,  
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?  
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,  
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

*Aust.* O, that a man should speak those words to me! 130

*Bast.* And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

*Aust.* Thou darest not say so, villain, for thy life.

*Bast.* And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

*K. John.* We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

*Enter Pandulph.*

*K. Phi.* Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

*Pand.* Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!  
To thee, King John, my holy errand is.  
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,  
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,  
Do in his name religiously demand 140  
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,  
So willfully doth spurn; and force perforce  
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop  
Of Canterbury, from that holy see:  
This, in our foresaid holy father's name,

134. "*Thou dost forget thyself*"; the following lines from the old play explain the ground of the Bastard's quarrel with Austria:

*"Aust.* Methinks that Richard's pride, and Richard's fall  
Should be a precedent to fright you all.

*Faulc.* What words are these? How do my sinews shake!  
My father's foe clad in my father's spoil!  
How doth Alecto whisper in my ears,  
*Delay not, Richard, kill the villain straight;*  
*Disrobe him of the matchless monument,*  
*Thy father's triumph o'er the savages!—*  
Now by his soul I swear, my father's soul,  
Twice will I not review the morning's rise,  
Till I have torn that trophy from thy back,  
And split thy heart for wearing it so long."—H. N. H.

Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

**K. John.** What earthly name to interrogatories  
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?  
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name  
So slight, unworthy and ridiculous, 150  
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.  
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of Eng-  
land

Add thus much more, that no Italian priest  
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;  
But as we, under heaven, are supreme head,  
So under Him that great supremacy,  
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,  
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:  
So tell the pope, all reverence set apart  
To him and his usurp'd authority. 160

**K. Phi.** Brother of England, you blaspheme in  
this.

**K. John.** Though you and all the kings of Chris-  
tendom

Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,  
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;  
And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,  
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,  
Who in that sale sells pardon from himself,  
Though you and all the rest so grossly led  
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,  
Yet I alone, alone do me oppose 170  
Against the pope and count his friends my foes.

**Pand.** Then, by the lawful power that I have,

148. "*task*," Theobald's correction of the Folios; Folios 1, 2, "*tast*"; Folios 3, 4, "*taste*"; Rowe conjectured "*tax*."—I. G.



Thou shalt stand cursed and excommunicate:  
 And blessed shall he be that doth revolt  
 From his allegiance to an heretic;  
 And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,  
 Canonized and worship'd as a saint,  
 That takes away by any secret course  
 Thy hateful life.

*Const.* O, lawful let it be  
 That I have room with Rome to curse awhile!  
 Good father cardinal, cry thou amen 181  
 To my keen curses; for without my wrong  
 There is no tongue hath power to curse him  
 right.

*Pand.* There's law and warrant, lady, for my  
 curse.

*Const.* And for mine too: when law can do no  
 right,  
 Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong:  
 Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,  
 For he that holds his kingdom holds the law;  
 Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,  
 How can the law forbid my tongue to curse? 190

*Pand.* Philip of France, on peril of a curse,  
 Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;  
 And raise the power of France upon his head,  
 Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

*Eli.* Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy  
 hand.

*Const.* Look to that, devil; lest that France repent,  
 And by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

*Aust.* King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

*Bast.* And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.



*Aust.* Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these  
wrongs, 200

Because—

*Bast.* Your breeches best may carry them.

*K. John.* Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?

*Const.* What should he say, but as the cardinal?

*Lew.* Bethink you, father; for the difference  
Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,  
Or the light loss of England for a friend:  
Forgo the easier.

*Blanch.* That's the curse of Rome.

*Const.* O Lewis, stand fast! the devil tempts thee  
here

In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.

*Blanch.* The Lady Constance speaks not from her  
faith,

But from her need.

*Const.* O, if thou grant my need, 211  
Which only lives but by the death of faith,  
That need must needs infer this principle,  
That faith would live again by death of need.  
O then, tread down my need, and faith mounts  
up;

Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down!

*K. John.* The king is moved, and answers not to  
this.

*Const.* O, be removed from him, and answer well!

209. "new untrimmed bride"; so the Folios; Theobald, "new and  
trimmed," or, "new untamed," "new betrimmed"; Dyce, "new-up-  
trimmed." Staunton was probably right when he suggested that  
"untrimmed" is descriptive of the bride with her hair hanging loose.  
—I. G.

213. "infer," prove.—C. H. H.

*Aust.* Do so, King Philip; hang no more in doubt.

*Bast.* Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet  
lout.

*K. Phi.* I am perplex'd, and know not what to  
say. 221

*Pand.* What canst thou say but will perplex thee  
more,

If thou stand excommunicate and cursed?

*K. Phi.* Good reverend father, make my person  
yours,

And tell me how you would bestow yourself.

This royal hand and mine are newly knit,

And the conjunction of our inward souls

Married in league, coupled and link'd together

With all religious strength of sacred vows;

The latest breath that gave the sound of words

Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love

Between our kingdoms and our royal selves, 232

And even before this truce, but new before,

No longer than we well could wash our hands

To clap this royal bargain up of peace,

Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and over-  
stain'd

With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did  
paint

The fearful difference of incensed kings:

And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood,

So newly join'd in love, so strong in both, 240

Unyoke this seizure and this kind regret?

Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with  
heaven,

Make such unconstant children of ourselves,  
 As now again to snatch our palm from palm,  
 Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed  
 Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,  
 And make a riot on the gentle brow  
 Of true sincerity? O, holy sir,  
 My reverend father, let it not be so!  
 Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose 250  
 Some gentle order; and then we shall be blest  
 To do your pleasure and continue friends.

*Pand.* All form is formless, order orderless,  
 Save what is opposite to England's love.  
 Therefore to arms! be champion of our church,  
 Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,  
 A mother's curse, on her revolting son.  
 France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the  
 tongue,  
 A chafed lion by the mortal paw,  
 A fasting tiger safer by the tooth, 260  
 Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost  
 hold.

*K. Phi.* I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

*Pand.* So makest thou faith an enemy to faith;  
 And like a civil war set'st oath to oath,  
 Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow  
 First made to heaven, first be to heaven per-  
 form'd,  
 That is, to be the champion of our church.  
 What since thou swore'st is sworn against thy-  
 self

259. "*chafed lion*"; Theobald's correction of the Folios, "*cased*."—

And may not be performed by thyself,  
 For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss 270  
 Is not amiss when it is truly done,  
 And being not done, where<sup>^</sup> doing tends to ill,  
 The truth is then most done not doing it:  
 The better act of purposes mistook  
 Is to mistake again; though indirect,  
 Yet indirection thereby grows direct,  
 And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire  
 Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd.  
 It is religion that doth make vows kept;  
 But thou hast sworn against religion, 280  
 By what thou swear'st against the thing thou  
     swear'st,  
 And makest an oath the surety for thy truth  
 Against an oath: the truth thou art unsure  
 To swear, swears only not to be forsworn;  
 Else what a mockery should it be to swear!

271. "*Truly done*"; that is, not amiss when done *according to truth*, because it is then *left undone*: in the sense of *truly*, as here used, a crime is done *truly*, when it is *not* done.—H. N. H.

273. "*Not doing it*"; that is, where an intended act is criminal, the *truth* is *most done* by *not doing* the act.—H. N. H.

280-284. In the First Folio the reading is:—

*"But thou hast sworn against religion;  
 By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,  
 And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,  
 Against an oath the truth, thou art unsure  
 To swear, sweares only not to be forsworn."*

In line 281 a plausible emendation is "*swar'st* (= "*swor'st*") for the second "*swear'st*." "*By what*" = "in so far as"; lines 281, 283 are evidently parallel in sense; a slight obscurity may perhaps be cleared away by taking the first "*truth*" as used with a suggestion of the secondary meaning "*troth*": lines 283, 284 are considered the crux of the passage, but possibly all difficulty is removed by placing a semi-colon after "*unsure*," and rendering "to swear" with the force of "if a man swear."—I. G.

But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;  
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost  
swear.

Therefore thy later vows against thy first  
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself;  
And better conquest never canst thou make 290  
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts  
Against these giddy loose suggestions:  
Upon which better part our prayers come in,  
If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know  
The peril of our curses light on thee  
So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off,  
But in despair die under their black weight.

*Aust.* Rebellion, flat rebellion!

*Bast.* Will 't not be?

Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

*Lew.* Father, to arms!

*Blanch.* Upon thy wedding-day? 300

Against the blood that thou hast married?

What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered  
men?

Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums,  
Clamors of hell, be measures to our pomp?

O husband, hear me! aye, alack, how new  
Is husband in my mouth! even for that name,  
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pro-  
nounce,

Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms  
Against mine uncle.

*Const.* O, upon my knee,  
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee, 310  
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom

Forethought by heaven!

*Blanch.* Now shall I see thy love: what motive may  
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

*Const.* That which upholdeth him that thee up-  
holds,

His honor: O, thine honor, Lewis, thine honor!

*Lew.* I muse your majesty doth seem so cold,

When such profound respects do pull you on.

*Pand.* I will denounce a curse upon his head.

*K. Phi.* Thou shalt not need. England, I will  
fall from thee. 320

*Const.* O fair return of banish'd majesty!

*Eli.* O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

*K. John.* France, thou shalt rue this hour within  
this hour.

*Bast.* Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton  
Time,

Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

*Blanch.* The sun's o'ercast with blood: fair day,  
adieu!

Which is the side that I must go withal?

I am with both: each army hath a hand;

And in their rage, I having hold of both,

They whirl asunder and dismember me. 330

Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win;

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose;

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;

Assured loss before the match be play'd.

*Lew.* Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

318. "*profound respects*," grave considerations.—C. H. H.

*Blanch.* There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

*K. John.* Cousin, go draw our puissance together.  
[*Exit Bastard.*

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;  
A rage whose heat hath this condition, 341  
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,  
The blood, and dearest-valued blood, of France.

*K. Phi.* Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:  
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

*K. John.* No more than he that threatens. To arms  
let's hie! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II

*The same. Plains near Angiers.*

*Alarums, excursions. Enter the Bastard, with Austria's head.*

*Bast.* Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;

Some airy devil hovers in the sky,

And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there,

2. "airy devil"; in Nash's *Pierce Pennilesse* his *Supplication*, 1592, we find the following passage: "The spirits of the *aire* will mixe themselves with thunder and lightning, and so infect the clyme where they raise any tempest, that sodainely great mortalitie shall ensue to the inhabitants. The spirits of *fire* have their mansions under the regions of the moone."—H. N. H.



While Philip breathes.

*Enter King John, Arthur, and Hubert.*

**K. John.** Hubert, keep this boy. Philip, make up:

My mother is assailed in our tent,  
And ta'en, I fear.

**Bast.** My lord, I rescued her;  
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:  
But on, my liege; for very little pains  
Will bring this labor to an happy end. 10  
[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III

*The same.*

*Alarums, excursions, retreat. Enter King John, Elinor, Arthur, the Bastard, Hubert, and Lords.*

**K. John.** [*To Elinor*] So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind  
So strongly guarded. [*To Arthur*] Cousin, look not sad:

Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will  
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

**Arth.** O, this will make my mother die with grief!

**K. John.** [*To the Bastard*] Cousin, away for England! haste before:

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags  
Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels

4. "Philip"; Theobald, "Richard"; the error was probably Shakespeare's; "Philip" was "Sir Richard."—I. G.

Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace  
 Must by the hungry now be fed upon: 10  
 Use our commission in his utmost force.

*Bast.* Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me  
 back,

When gold and silver becks me to come on.  
 I leave your highness. Grandam, I will pray,  
 If ever I remember to be holy,  
 For your fair safety; so, I kiss your hand.

*Eli.* Farewell, gentle cousin.

*K. John.* Coz, farewell.

[*Exit Bastard.*]

*Eli.* Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.

*K. John.* Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle  
 Hubert,

We owe thee much! within this wall of flesh 20  
 There is a soul counts thee her creditor,

12. "*Bell, book and candle*"; the order of the horrible ceremony here referred to, as given by Fox and Strype, was for the bishop, and clergy, and all the several sorts of friars in the cathedral, to go into the Church, with the cross borne before them, and three wax tapers lighted. A priest, all in white, then mounted the pulpit, and began the denunciation. At the climax of the cursing each taper was extinguished, with the prayer that the souls of the ex-communicate might be "given over utterly to the power of the fiend, as this candle is now quench'd and put out." Thus described, also, in *Bale's Pageant*:

"For as moch as kyng Johan doth Holy Church so handle,  
 Here I do curse hym wyth crosse, boke, bell, and candle:  
 Lyke as this same roode turneth now from me his face,  
 So God I requyre to sequester hym of his grace:  
 As this boke doth speare by my worke mannual,  
 I wyll God to close uppe from hym his benefyttes all:  
 As this burnyng flame goth from this candle in syght,  
 I wyll God to put hym from his eternall lyght:  
 I take hym from Crist, and after the sownd of this bell,  
 Both body and sowle I geve hym to the devyll of hell."

—H. N. H.

And with advantage means to pay thy love:  
 And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath  
 Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.  
 Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,  
 But I will fit it with some better time.  
 By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed  
 To say what good respect I have of thee.

*Hub.* I am much bounden to your majesty.

*K. John.* Good friend, thou hast no cause to say  
 so yet, 30

But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so  
 slow,

Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.

I had a thing to say, but let it go:

The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,  
 Attended with the pleasures of the world,  
 Is all too wanton and too full of gawds  
 To give me audience: if the midnight bell  
 Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,  
 Sound on into the drowsy ear of night;

If this same were a churchyard where we stand,  
 And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs; 41

Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,

Had baked thy blood and made it heavy-thick,  
 Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,  
 Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes  
 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,  
 A passion hateful to my purposes;

26. "*time*," Pope's emendation for "*tune*" of the Folios.—I. G.

39. "*Sound on into the drowsy ear of night*"; the Folios, "*race*"; Dyce and Staunton, "*ear*"; Bulloch, "*face*," etc. Theobald suggested "*sound one unto*," as plausible an emendation as so many of his excellent readings.—I. G.

Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,  
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply  
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone, 50  
 Without eyes, ears and harmful sound of words;  
 Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,  
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:  
 But, ah, I will not! yet I love thee well;  
 And, by my troth, I think thou lovest me well.

*Hub.* So well, that what you bid me undertake,  
 Though that my death were adjunct to my act,  
 By heaven, I would do it.

*K. John.* Do not I know thou wouldst?  
 Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye  
 On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my  
 friend, 60

He is a very serpent in my way;  
 And whereso'er this foot of mine doth tread,  
 He lies before me: dost thou understand me?  
 Thou art his keeper.

*Hub.* And I'll keep him so,  
 That he shall not offend your majesty.

*K. John.* Death.

*Hub.* My lord?

*K. John.* A grave.

*Hub.* He shall not live.

*K. John.* Enough.

I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;  
 Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:  
 Remember. Madam, fare you well:

52. "brooded watchful day"; Pope's "broad-ey'd," Mitford's "broad and," and various emendations have been proposed, but "brooded" = "having a brood to watch over," hence "brooding" = "sitting on brood."—I. G.

I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty. 70  
*Eli.* My blessing go with thee!

*K. John.* For England, cousin, go:  
 Hubert shall be your man, attend on you  
 With all true duty. On toward Calais, ho!  
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV

*The same. The French King's tent.*

*Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulph, and Attendants.*

*K. Phi.* So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,  
 A whole armado of convicted sail  
 Is scattered and disjoin'd from fellowship.

*Pand.* Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

*K. Phi.* What can go well, when we have run so  
 ill?

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?  
 Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?  
 And bloody England into England gone,

72. "*attend on you*," so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, "*to attend*"; Pope reads "*t' attend*."—I. G.

73. King John, after he had taken Arthur prisoner, sent him to the town of Falaise, in Normandy, under the care of Hubert, his chamberlain, from whence he was afterwards removed to Rouen, and delivered to the custody of Robert de Veypont. Here he was secretly put to death.—H. N. H.

2. "*convicted*," i. e. "*overcome*"; there is perhaps a reference here to the Spanish Armada. Pope proposed "*collected*"; other suggestions have been "*convented*," "*connected*," "*combined*," "*convexed*," etc.—I. G.

6. "*Is not Angiers lost?*" etc. Arthur was made prisoner at the capture of Mirabeau in 1202. Angiers was captured by John four years later.—I. G.

O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

*Lew.* What he hath won, that hath he fortified: 10  
 So hot a speed with such advice disposed,  
 Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,  
 Doth want example: who hath read or heard  
 Of any kindred action like to this?

*K. Phi.* Well could I bear that England had this  
 praise

So we could find some pattern of our shame.

*Enter Constance.*

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;  
 Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,  
 In the vile prison of afflicted breath.

I prithee, lady, go away with me. 20

*Const.* Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace.

*K. Phi.* Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Con-  
 stance!

*Const.* No, I defy all counsel, all redress,  
 But that which ends all counsel, true redress,  
 Death, death; O amiable lovely death!  
 Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!  
 Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,  
 Thou hate and terror to prosperity,  
 And I will kiss thy detestable bones  
 And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows 30  
 And ring these fingers with thy household  
 worms

And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust

19. "*afflicted breath*"; the body; the same vile prison in which the breath is confined.—H. N. H.

32. "*Gap of breath*"; that is, this mouth.—H. N. H.

And be a carrion monster like thyself:  
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smilest,  
And buss thee as thy wife. Misery's love,  
O, come to me!

*K. Phi.* O fair affliction, peace!

*Const.* No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:  
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!  
Then with a passion would I shake the world;  
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy 40  
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,  
Which scorns a modern invocation.

*Pand.* Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

*Const.* Thou art not holy to belie me so;  
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;  
My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife;  
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:  
I am not mad: I would to heaven I were!  
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:  
O, if I could, what grief should I forget! 50  
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,  
And thou shalt be canonized, cardinal;  
For, being not mad but sensible of grief,  
My reasonable part produces reason  
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,  
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:  
If I were mad, I should forget my son,  
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he:  
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel  
The different plague of each calamity. 60

44. "*not holy*," so Folio 4; Folios 1, 2, 3, "*holy*"; Delius and Staunton (Steevens' conjecture) "*unholy*."—I. G.

60. "*plague*," torment.—C. H. H.



**K. Phi.** Bind up those tresses. O, what love I  
note

In the fair multitude of those her hairs!  
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,  
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends  
Do glue themselves in sociable grief,  
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,  
Sticking together in calamity.

**Const.** To England, if you will.

**K. Phi.** Bind up your hairs.

**Const.** Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?

I tore them from their bonds and cried aloud, <sup>70</sup>

'O that these hands could so redeem my son,

As they have given these hairs their liberty!

But now I envy at their liberty,

And will again commit them to their bonds,

Because my poor child is a prisoner.

And, father cardinal, I have heard you say

That we shall see and know our friends in

heaven:

If that be true, I shall see my boy again;

For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,

To him that did but yesterday suspire, <sup>80</sup>

There was not such a gracious creature born.

But now will canker sorrow eat my bud

And chase the native beauty from his cheek

And he will look as hollow as a ghost,

As dim and meager as an ague's fit,

And so he'll die; and, rising so again,

When I shall meet him in the court of heaven

I shall not know him: therefore never, never

64. "*friends*," Rowe's emendation of "*fiends*" of the Folios.—I. G.

Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

*Pand.* You hold too heinous a respect of grief. 90

*Const.* He talks to me that never had a son.

*K. Phi.* You are as fond of grief as of your child.

*Const.* Grief fills the room up of my absent child,

Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,

Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,

Remembers me of all his gracious parts,

Stuff's out his vacant garments with his form;

Then have I reason to be fond of grief.

Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,

I could give better comfort than you do. 100

I will not keep this form upon my head,

When there is such disorder in my wit.

O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!

My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure!

[*Exit.*

*K. Phi.* I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

[*Exit.*

*Lew.* There's nothing in this world can make me  
joy:

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale

Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;

And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's  
taste, 110

98. "*Then have I reason to be fond of grief,*" Rowe's reading; Folios 1, 2, 3 read "*Then, have I reason to be fond of grief?*"; Folio 4, "*Then . . . grief?*"—I. G.

108. "*Twice-told tale*"; "For when thou art angry, all our days are gone, we bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told" (Psalm xc).—H. N. H.

110. "*world's taste,*" Pope's emendation of the Folios, "*words taste*"; Jackson's conjecture, "*word, state.*"—I. G.

That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

*Pand.* Before the curing of a strong disease,  
Even in the instant of repair and health,  
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,  
On their departure most of all show evil:  
What have you lost by losing of this day?

*Lew.* All days of glory, joy and happiness.

*Pand.* If you had won it, certainly you had.

No, no; when Fortune means to men most good,  
She looks upon them with a threatening eye. 120  
'Tis strange to think how much King John hath  
lost

In this which he accounts so clearly won:

Are not you grieved that Arthur is his prisoner?

*Lew.* As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

*Pand.* Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.

Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;  
For even the breath of what I mean to speak  
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,  
Out of the path which shall directly lead  
Thy foot to England's throne; and therefore  
mark. 130

John hath seized Arthur; and it cannot be  
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's  
veins,

The misplaced John should entertain an hour,  
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.

A scepter snatch'd with an unruly hand  
Must be as boisterously maintained as gain'd;  
And he that stands upon a slippery place  
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:

That John may stand, then Arthur needs must  
fall;

So be it, for it cannot be but so.

140

*Lew.* But what shall I gain by young Arthur's  
fall?

*Pand.* You, in the right of Lady Blanch your  
wife,

May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

*Lew.* And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

*Pand.* How green you are and fresh in this old  
world!

John lays you plots; the times conspire with  
you;

For he that steeps his safety in true blood  
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.

This act so evilly born shall cool the hearts

Of all his people and freeze up their zeal, 150

That none so small advantage shall step forth

To check his reign, but they will cherish it;

No natural exhalation in the sky,

No scope of nature, no distemper'd day,

No common wind, no custom'd event,

But they will pluck away his natural cause

And call them meteors, prodigies and signs,

Abortives, presages and tongues of heaven,

Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

*Lew.* May be he will not touch young Arthur's  
life, 160

But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

*Pand.* O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach

If that young Arthur be not gone already,

Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts

Of all his people shall revolt from him,  
 And kiss the lips of unacquainted change,  
 And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath  
 Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.

Methinks I see this hurly all on foot:

And, O, what better matter breeds for you 170  
 Than I have named! The bastard Faulcon-  
 bridge

Is now in England, ransacking the church,  
 Offending charity: if but a dozen French  
 Were there in arms, they would be as a call  
 To train ten thousand English to their side,  
 Or as a little snow, tumbled about,  
 Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,  
 Go with me to the king: 'tis wonderful  
 What may be wrought out of their discontent,  
 Now that their souls are topful of offense. 180  
 For England go: I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reasons make strong actions: let us  
 go:

If you say aye, the king will not say no.

[*Exeunt.*]

176. "*A little snow*"; Bacon, in his *History of Henry VII*, speaking of Simnel's march, observes that their *snowball* did not gather as went.—H. N. H.

182. "*strong actions*," so Folios 2, 3, 4. Folio 1 misprints "*strange actions*."—I. G.

## ACT FOURTH

## SCENE I

*A room in a castle.*

*Enter Hubert and Executioners*

*Hub.* Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand

Within the arras: when I strike my foot  
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,  
And bind the boy which you shall find with me  
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

*First Exec.* I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

*Hub.* Uncleanly scruples! fear not you: look to't.  
[*Exeunt Executioners;*  
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

*Enter Arthur.*

*Arth.* Good morrow, Hubert.

*Hub.* Good morrow, little prince.

*Arth.* As little prince, having so great a title  
To be more prince, as may be. You are sad.

*Hub.* Indeed, I have been merrier.

*Arth.* Mercy on me!

Methinks no body should be sad but I:

Yet, I remember, when I was in France,

Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,  
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,  
So I were out of prison and kept sheep,  
I should be as merry as the day is long;  
And so I would be here, but that I doubt  
My uncle practices more harm to me: 20

He is afraid of me and I of him:

Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?

No, indeed, is 't not; and I would to heaven

I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

*Hub. [Aside]* If I talk to him, with his innocent  
prate

He will awake my mercy which lies dead:

Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.

*Arth.* Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:

In sooth, I would you were a little sick,

That I might sit all night and watch with you:

I warrant I love you more than you do me. 31

*Hub. [Aside]* His words do take possession of my  
bosom.

Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*

[*Aside*] How now, foolish rheum!

Turning dispiteous torture out of door!

I must be brief, lest resolution drop

Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.

Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

*Arth.* Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:

Must you with hot irons burn out both mine  
eyes?

*Hub.* Young boy, I must.

*Arth.* And will you?

*Hub.* And I will. 40



*Arth.* Have you the heart? When your head did  
but ache,

I knit my handkercher about your brows,  
The best I had, a princess wrought it me,  
And I did never ask it you again;  
And with my hand at midnight held your head,  
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,  
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,  
Saying, 'What lack you?' and 'Where lies your  
grief?'

Or 'What good love may I perform for you?'  
Many a poor man's son would have lien still 50  
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;  
But you at your sick service had a prince.  
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,  
And call it cunning: do, an if you will:  
If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,  
Why then you must. Will you put out mine  
eyes?

These eyes that never did nor never shall  
So much as frown on you.

*Hub.* I have sworn to do it;  
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

*Arth.* Ah, none but in this iron age would do it! 60  
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,  
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my  
tears

And quench his fiery indignation  
Even in the matter of mine innocence;  
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,

46. "*watchful minutes to the hour*," minutes that serve as watches to the hour (succeed one another at regular intervals).—C. H. H.

But for containing fire to harm mine eye.  
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd  
iron?

An if an angel should have come to me  
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,  
I would not have believed him,—no tongue but  
Hubert's. 70

*Hub.* Come forth. [*Stamps.*]

*Re-enter Executioners, with a cord, irons, &c.*

Do as I bid you do.

*Arth.* O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are  
out

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

*Hub.* Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

*Arth.* Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough?  
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!

Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,  
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb; 80

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,  
Nor look upon the iron angerly.

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive  
you,

Whatever torment you do put me to.

*Hub.* Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

*First Exec.* I am best pleased to be from such a  
deed. [*Exeunt Executioners.*]

*Arth.* Alas, I then have chid away my friend!

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:

Let him come back, that his compassion may  
Give life to yours.

*Hub.* Come, boy, prepare yourself. 90

*Arth.* Is there no remedy?

*Hub.* None, but to lose your eyes.

*Arth.* O heaven, that there were but a mote in  
yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,

Any annoyance in that precious sense!

Then, feeling what small things are boisterous;  
there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

*Hub.* Is this your promise? go to, hold your  
tongue.

*Arth.* Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues:

Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:

Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert;

Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue, 101

So I may keep mine eyes: O, spare mine eyes,

Though to no use but still to look on you!

Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold

And would not harm me.

*Hub.* I can heat it, boy.

*Arth.* No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,

Being create for comfort, to be used

In undeserved extremes: see else yourself;

There is no malice in this burning coal;

The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out

And strew'd repentant ashes on his head. 111

*Hub.* But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

*Arth.* An if you do, you will but make it blush

92. "mote," Steevens' emendation for "moth" of the Folios, a frequent spelling of the word.—I. G.

99. "want pleading," be insufficient to plead.—C. H. H.

And glow with shame of your proceedings,  
Hubert:

Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes;  
And like a dog that is compell'd to fight,  
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.  
All things that you should use to do me wrong  
Deny their office: only you do lack  
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,  
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses. 121

*Hub.* Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eye  
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:  
Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy,  
With this same iron to burn them out.

*Arth.* O, now you look like Hubert! all this while  
You were disguised.

*Hub.* Peace; no more. Adieu.  
Your uncle must not know but you are dead;  
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:  
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,  
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,  
Will not offend thee. 132

*Arth.* O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.

*Hub.* Silence; no more: go closely in with me:  
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

134. "*Much danger do I, etc.*"; Holinshed gives the following account of the matter of this scene: "It was reported that King John appointed certain persons to go into Falaise, where Arthur was kept in prison under the charge of Hubert de Burgh, and there to put out the young gentleman's eyes. But through such resistance as he made against one of the tormentors that came to execute the king's command, (for the other rather forsook their prince and country, than they would consent to obey the king's authority therein,) and such lamentable words as he uttered, Hubert de Burgh did preserve him from that injury, not doubting but rather to have thanks than displeasure at the king's hands, for delivering him of such infamy as

SCENE II

*King John's palace.*

*Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords.*

*K. John.* Here once again we sit, once again  
crown'd,

And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

*Pem.* This 'once again,' but that your highness  
pleased,

Was once superfluous: you were crown'd be-  
fore,

And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off,

The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;

Fresh expectation troubled not the land

With any long'd-for change or better state.

*Sal.* Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp  
To guard a title that was rich before, 10

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,

To throw a perfume on the violet,

To smooth the ice, or add another hue

Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light

To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish

Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

*Pem.* But that your royal pleasure must be done

would have redounded to his highness, if the young gentleman had been so cruelly dealt withal." It should be observed that Arthur was then fifteen years old.—H. N. H.

1. "*Once again crowned*"; that is, this one time more was one time more than enough. It should be remembered that King John was now crowned for the *fourth time*.—H. N. H.

This act is as an ancient tale new told,  
 And in the last repeating troublesome,  
 Being urged at a time unseasonable. 20

*Sal.* In this the antique and well noted face  
 Of plain old form is much disfigured;  
 And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,  
 It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,  
 Startles and frights consideration,  
 Makes sound opinion sick and truth suspected,  
 For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

*Dem.* When workmen strive to do better than well,  
 They do confound their skill in covetousness;  
 And oftentimes excusing of a fault 30  
 Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse,  
 As patches set upon a little breach  
 Discredit more in hiding of the fault  
 Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

*Sal.* To this effect, before you were new crown'd,  
 We breathed our counsel: but it pleased your  
 highness

To overbear it, and we are all well pleased,  
 Since all and every part of what we would  
 Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

*John.* Some reasons of this double coronation  
 I have possess'd you with and think them  
 strong; 41

And more, more strong, then lesser is my fear,

29. "*Skill in covetousness*"; Lord Bacon, in like manner, attributes the failures of certain to the *love*, not of *excellence*, but of *excelling*. The text is a fine commentary on the elaborate artificialness which springs far more from ambition than from inspiration, and which the Poet too often exemplifies in his own pages.—H. N. H.

42. "*then lesser is my fear*," so Folio 1; "*then*" a common spelling



I shall indue you with: meantime but ask  
 What you would have reform'd that is not well,  
 And well shall you perceive how willingly  
 I will both hear and grant you your requests.

*Pem.* Then I, as one that am the tongue of these,  
 To sound the purposes of all their hearts,  
 Both for myself and them, but, chief of all,  
 Your safety, for the which myself and them 50  
 Bend their best studies, heartily request  
 The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose re-  
 straint

Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent  
 To break into this dangerous argument,—  
 If what in rest you have in right you hold,  
 Why then your fears, which as they say, attend  
 The steps of wrong, should move you to mew  
 up

Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days  
 With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth  
 The rich advantage of good exercise. 60  
 That the time's enemies may not have this  
 To grace occasions, let it be our suit  
 That you have bid us ask his liberty;

of "than" in Elizabethan English; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*then less is my fear*"; Pope, "*the lesser is my fear.*"—I. G.

"*more, more strong, than lesser is my fear,*" more reasons, even stronger than in proportion to my diminished fear; *i. e.* the superiority of his new arguments, far from indicating a greater anxiety, would even exceed the measure of his relief. Ff. read "then lessee (lesse)," where "then" is a common sixteenth-century spelling of "than." Tyrwhitt's "when" is very plausible.—C. H. H.

48. "*To sound*"; to declare, to publish the purposes of all.—H. N. H.

50. "*myself and them*" = (perhaps) "*myself and themselves*"; hence the ungrammatical "*them.*"—I. G.



Which for our goods we do no further ask  
 Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,  
 Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

*Enter Hubert.*

**K. John.** Let it be so: I do commit his youth  
 To your direction. Hubert, what news with  
 you? *[Taking him apart.*

**Pem.** This is the man should do the bloody deed;  
 He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine: 70  
 The image of a wicked heinous fault  
 Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his  
 Does show the mood of a much troubled breast;  
 And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,  
 What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

**Sal.** The color of the king doth come and go  
 Between his purpose and his conscience,  
 Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:  
 His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

**Pem.** And when it breaks, I fear will issue  
 thence 80

The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

**K. John.** We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:  
 Good lords, although my will to give is living,  
 The suit which you demand is gone and dead:  
 He tells us Arthur is deceased to-night.

65. "*than whereupon our weal,*" etc. The meaning of the passage seems to be, "we ask for his liberty only in so far as the common-wealth (i. e. '*our weal, on you depending*') counts it your welfare," etc.—I. G.

85. "*Arthur is deceased,* etc."; here again we must quote from Holinshed, who, after telling how Hubert spared to do the king's order, goes on thus: "Howbeit, to satisfy his mind for the time, and to stay the rage of the Bretons, he caused it to be bruited abroad

*Sal.* Indeed we fear'd his sickness was past cure:

*Pem.* Indeed we heard how near his death he was:

Before the child himself felt he was sick:

This must be answer'd either here or hence.

*K. John.* Why do you bend such solemn brows on  
me? 90

Think you I bear the shears of destiny?

Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

*Sal.* It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame

That greatness should so grossly offer it:

So thrive it in your game! and so, farewell.

*Pem.* Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee:

And find the inheritance of this poor child,

His little kingdom of a forced grave.

That blood which owed the breadth of all this  
isle,

Three foot of it doth hold: bad world the  
while! 100

This must not be thus borne: this will break out

To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt.

[*Exeunt Lords*]

*K. John.* They burn in indignation. I repent

There is no sure foundation set on blood,

No certain life achieved by others' death.

*Enter a Messenger.*

A fearful eye thou hast: where is that blood

through the country, that the king's commandment was fulfilled, and that Arthur also, through sorrow and grief, was departed out of this life. For the space of fifteen days this rumour incessantly ran through both the realms of England and France, and there was ringing for him through towns and villages, as it had been for his funerals."—H. N. H.

That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?  
 So foul a sky clears not without a storm:  
 Pour down thy weather: how goes all in  
 France?

*Mess.* From France to England. Never such a  
 power 110

For any foreign preparation  
 Was levied in the body of a land.  
 The copy of your speed is learn'd by them:  
 For when you should be told they do prepare,  
 The tidings comes that they are all arrived.

*K. John.* O, where hath our intelligence been  
 drunk?

Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's  
 care,

That such an army could be drawn in France.  
 And she not hear of it?

*Mess.* My liege, her ear  
 Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April died 120  
 Your noble mother: and, as I hear, my lord,  
 The Lady Constance in a frenzy died  
 Three days before: but this from rumor's  
 tongue

110. "*From France to England*"; meaning that all in France are going to England.—H. N. H.

113. "*The copy*"; that is, the *example*.—H. N. H.

117. "*care*"; it is impossible to determine whether the First Folio reads "*eare*" or "*care*"; the other Folios "*care*." There is considerable doubt as to whether the first letter is Roman or Italic, and taking all the evidence into account it seems possible that "*care*" was corrected to "*eare*" in some copies of the First Folio.—I. G.

120. "*first of April*"; according to history, Eleanor died in 1204 in the month of July.—I. G.

123. "*Three days before*"; Constance died in reality three years, and not three days before, in August, 1201.—I. G.

I idly heard; if true or false I know not.

**K. John.** Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion.  
O, make a league with me, till I have pleased  
My discontented peers! What! mother dead!  
How wildly then walks my estate in France!  
Under whose conduct came those powers off  
France 129

That thou for truth givest out are landed here?

**Mess.** Under the Dauphin.

**K. John.** Thou hast made me giddy  
With these ill tidings.

*Enter the Bastard and Peter of Pomfret.*

Now, what says the world  
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff  
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

**Bast.** But if you be afeard to hear the worst,  
Then let the worst unheard fall on your head.

**K. John.** Bear with me, cousin; for I was amazed  
Under the tide: but now I breathe again  
Aloft the flood, and can give audience  
To any tongue, speak it of what it will. 140

**Bast.** How I have sped among the clergy-men,  
The sums I have collected shall express.  
But as I travell'd hither through the land,  
I find the people strangely fantasied;  
Possess'd with rumors, full of idle dreams,  
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.  
And here 's a prophet, that I brought with me

129. "wildly walks," totters, reels.—C. H. H.

"my estate," the state of my affairs.—C. H. H.

147. "a prophet," i. e. Peter of Pomfret (Pontefract).—I. G.

This man was a hermit in great repute with the common people.

From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I  
found

With many hundreds treading on his heels;  
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding  
rhymes, 150

That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,  
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

*K. John.* Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou  
so?

*Peter.* Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

*K. John.* Hubert, away with him; imprison him;  
And on that day at noon, whereon he says  
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.  
Deliver him to safety; and return,  
For I must use thee. [*Exit Hubert with Peter.*  
O my gentle cousin,

Notwithstanding the event is said to have fallen out as he prophesied, the poor fellow was inhumanly dragged at horses' tails through the streets of Warham, and, together with his son, who appears to have been even more innocent than his father, hanged afterwards upon a gibbet. Speed says that Peter was suborned by the pope's legate, the French king, and the barons for this purpose. The Poet here brings together matters that were in fact separated by an interval of some years. The event in question took place in 1213, and is thus delivered by the chronicler: "There was this season an hermit whose name was Peter, dwelling about York, a man in great reputation with the common people, because that, either inspired with some spirit of prophecy, as the people believed, or else having some notable skill in art magic, he was accustomed to tell what should follow after. . . . This Peter, about the first of January last past, had told the king that at the feast of the Ascension it should come to pass, that he should be cast out of his kingdom. And he offered himself to suffer death for it, if his words should not prove true. . . . One cause, and that not the least, which moved King John the sooner to agree with the pope, rose through the words of the said hermit, that did put such a fear of some great mishap in his heart, which should grow through the disloyalty of his people, that it made him yield the sooner."—H. N. H.

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are  
arrived? 160

*Bast.* The French, my lord; men's mouths are full  
of it:

Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury  
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,  
And others more, going to seek the grave  
Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to-night  
On your suggestion.

*K. John.* Gentle kinsman, go,  
And thrust thyself into their companies:  
I have a way to win their loves again;  
Bring them before me.

*Bast.* I will seek them out.

*K. John.* Nay, but make haste; the better foot  
before. 170

O, let me have no subject enemies,  
When adverse foreigners affright my towns  
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!  
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,  
And fly like thought from them to me again.

*Bast.* The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.  
[*Exit.*]

*K. John.* Spoke like a sprightly noble gentleman.  
Go after him; for he perhaps shall need  
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;  
And be thou he.

*Mess.* With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*]

*K. John.* My mother dead! 181

*Re-enter Hubert.*



*Hub.* My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night;

Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about  
The other four in wondrous motion.

*K. John.* Five moons!

*Hub.* Old men and beldams in the streets  
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:  
Young Arthur's death is common in their  
mouths:

And when they talk of him, they shake their  
heads

And whisper one another in the ear;

And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's  
wrist, 190

Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,  
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling  
eyes.

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,  
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,  
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;  
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,  
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste  
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,  
Told of a many thousand warlike French

184. "*Wondrous motion*"; thus in Holinshed: "About the month of December, there were seen in the province of York five moons, one in the east, the second in the west, the third in the north, the fourth in the south, and the fifth, as it were, set in the midst of the other, having many stars about it, and went five or six times encompassing the other, as it were the space of one hour, and shortly after vanished away."—H. N. H.

198. "*Upon contrary feet*"; the commentators, it seems, were for a long time puzzled what this might mean, till at last the forgotten fashion of *right* and *left* shoes came back, and the mystery was cleared up at once.—H. N. H.



That were embattailed and ran'k in Kent: 200

Another lean unwash'd artificer

Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur's death

**K. John.** Why seek'st thou to possess me with  
these fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?

Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty  
cause

To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill  
him.

**Hub.** No had, my lord! why, did you not provoke  
me?

**K. John.** It is the curse of kings to be attended  
By slaves that take their humors for a warrant  
To break within the bloody house of life, 210  
And on the winking of authority  
To understand a law, to know the meaning  
Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it  
frowns

More upon humor than advised respect.

**Hub.** Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

**K. John.** O, when the last account 'twixt heaven  
and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal

Witness against us to damnation!

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds

Make deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,

A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd, 221

Quoted and sign'd to do a deed of shame,

214. "*More upon humor than advised respect,*" more from caprice than deliberate consideration.—C. H. H.

222. "*Quoted,*" bearing the "note" or observed character (of a criminal).—C. H. H.

This murder had not come into my mind:  
 But taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,  
 Finding thee fit for bloody villany,  
 Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,  
 I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;  
 And thou, to be endeared to a king,  
 Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

*Hub.* My lord,—

230

*K. John.* Hadst thou but shook thy head or made  
 a pause

When I spake darkly what I purposed,  
 Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,  
 As bid me tell my tale in express words,  
 Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me  
 break off,

And those thy fears might have wrought fears  
 in me:

But thou didst understand me by my signs  
 And didst in signs again parley with sin;  
 Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,  
 And consequently thy rude hand to act

240

231. "*Or made a pause*"; "There are many touches of nature in this conference of John with Hubert. A man engaged in wickedness would keep the profit to himself, and transfer the guilt to his accomplice. These reproaches vented against Hubert are not the words of art or policy, but the eruptions of a mind swelling with consciousness of a crime, and desirous of discharging its misery on another. This account of the timidity of guilt is drawn, *ab ipsis recessibus mentis*, from the intimate knowledge of mankind; particularly that line in which he says, that *to have bid him tell his tale in express words* would have *struck him dumb*: nothing is more certain than that bad men use all the arts of fallacy upon themselves, palliate their actions to their own minds by gentle terms, and hide themselves from their own detection in ambiguities and subterfuges" (Johnson).—H. N. H.

The deed, which both our tongues held vile to  
name.

Out of my sight, and never see me more!  
My nobles leave me; and my state is braved,  
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign pow-  
ers:

Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,  
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,  
Hostility and civil tumult reigns  
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

*Hub.* Arm you against your other enemies, 249  
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.  
Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine  
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,  
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.  
Within this bosom never enter'd yet  
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought;  
And you have slander'd nature in my form,  
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,  
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind  
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

*K. John.* Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the  
peers, 260

Throw this report on their incensed rage,  
And make them tame to their obedience!  
Forgive the comment that my passion made  
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,  
And foul imaginary eyes of blood  
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.  
O, answer not, but to my closet bring  
The angry lords with all expedient haste.

268. "Bring the angry lords"; Holinshed thus continues the story

I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III

*Before the castle.*

*Enter Arthur, on the walls.*

*Arth.* The wall is high, and yet will I leap down:  
Good ground, be pitiful and hurt me not!  
There's few or none do know me: if they did,  
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguised me  
quite.

I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.  
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,  
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:  
As good to die and go, as die and stay.

[*Leaps down.*]

O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:  
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my  
bones!

[*Dies*]

*Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, and Bigot.*

of Hubert's doings touching the prince: "When the Bretons were nothing pacified, but rather kindled more vehemently to work all the mischief they could devise, in revenge of their sovereign's death, there was no remedy but to signify abroad again, that Arthur was as yet living, and in health. Now when the king heard the truth of all this matter, he was nothing displeased for that his commandment was not executed, sith there were divers of his captains which uttered in plain words, that he should not find knights to keep his castles, if he dealt so cruelly with his nephew. For if it chanced any of them to be taken by the King of France or other their adversaries, they should be sure to taste of the like cup."—H. N. H.

10. "*Heaven take my soul*"; the old chroniclers give various accounts of Arthur's death, of which Shakespeare took the least offensive. Matthew Paris relating the event uses the word *evanuit*;

*Sal.* Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmundsbury:

It is our safety, and we must embrace

This gentle offer of the perilous time.

*Pem.* Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

*Sal.* The Count Melun, a noble lord of France;

Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love

Is much more general than these lines import.

*Big.* To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

*Sal.* Or rather then set forward; for 'twill be 19

Two long days' journey, lords, or ere we meet.

*Enter the Bastard.*

*Bast.* Once more to-day well met, distemper'd  
lords!

The king by me requests your presence straight.

*Sal.* The king hath dispossess'd himself of us:

and it appears to have been conducted with impenetrable secrecy. The French historians say that John, coming in a boat during the night to the castle of Rouen, where the young prince was confined, stabbed him while supplicating for mercy, fastened a stone to the body, and threw it into the Seine, in order to give some color to a report, which he caused to be spread, that the prince, attempting to escape out of a window, fell into the river, and was drowned. Holinshed's statement of the matter is very affecting. "Touching the manner in very deed of the end of this Arthur, writers make sundry reports. Nevertheless, certain it is that in the year next ensuing he was removed from Falaise unto the castle or tower of Rouen, out of the which there was not any that would confess that ever he saw him go alive. Some have written, that as he essayed to have escaped out of prison, and proving to climb over the walls of the castle, he fell into the river of Seine, and so was drowned. Other write, that through very grief and languor he pined away, and died of natural sickness. But some affirm that King John secretly caused him to be murdered and made away, so as it is not thoroughly agreed upon, in what sort he finished his days; but verily King John was had in great suspicion, whether worthily or not, the Lord knoweth."—H. N. H.

11. "*him*"=the Dauphin.—I. G.

We will not line his thin bestained cloak  
 With our pure honors, nor attend the foot  
 That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.  
 Return and tell him so: we know the worst.

*Bast.* Whate'er you think, good words, I think,  
 were best.

*Sal.* Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

*Bast.* But there is little reason in your grief; 30

Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.

*Pem.* Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

*Bast.* 'Tis true, to hurt his master, no man else.

*Sal.* This is the prison. What is he lies here?

[*Seeing Arthur.*

*Pem.* O death, made proud with pure and princely  
 beauty!

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

*Sal.* Murder, as hating what himself hath done,  
 Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

*Big.* Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,  
 Found it too precious-princely for a grave. 40

*Sal.* Sir Richard, what think you? have you beheld,  
 Or have you read or heard? or could you think?  
 Or do you almost think, although you see,  
 That you do see? could thought, without this  
 object,

Form such another? This is the very top,  
 The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,  
 Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,  
 The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,  
 That ever wall-eyed wrath or staring rage  
 Presented to the tears of soft remorse. 50



*Pem.* All murders past do stand excused in this:  
 And this, so sole and so unmatched,  
 Shall give a holiness, a purity,  
 To the yet unbegotten sin of times;  
 And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,  
 Exemplified by this heinous spectacle.

*Bast.* It is a damned and a bloody work;  
 The graceless action of a heavy hand,  
 If that it be the work of any hand.

*Sal.* If that it be the work of any hand! 60  
 We had a kind of light what would ensue.  
 It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;  
 The practice and the purpose of the king:  
 From whose obedience I forbid my soul,  
 Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,  
 And breathing to his breathless excellence  
 The incense of a vow, a holy vow,  
 Never to taste the pleasures of the world,  
 Never to be infected with delight,  
 Nor conversant with ease and idleness, 70  
 Till I have set a glory to this hand,  
 By giving it the worship of revenge.

*Pem.* } Our souls religiously confirm thy words.  
*Big.* }

*Enter Hubert.*

*Hub.* Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:  
 Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

71. "*Glory to this hand*"; so in the original; obviously meaning, till I have ennobled this hand with the honor of revenging so foul a crime. Pope proposed *head*, which has been commonly adopted. Gray the poet having been pleased with it. It is not easy to see how the change betters the passage.—H. N. H.



*Sal.* O, he is bold and blushes not at death.

Ayaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

*Hub.* I am no villain.

*Sal.* Must I rob the law?

[*Drawing his sword.*]

*Bast.* Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.

*Sal.* Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin. 80

*Hub.* Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;

By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours:

I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,  
Nor tempt the danger of my true defense;  
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget  
Your worth, your greatness and nobility.

*Big.* Out, dunghill! darest thou brave a nobleman?

*Hub.* Not for my life: but yet I dare defend  
My innocent life against an emperor.

*Sal.* Thou art a murderer.

*Hub.* Do not prove me so; 90

Yet I am none: whose tongue soe'er speaks  
false,

Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

*Pem.* Cut him to pieces.

*Bast.* Keep the peace, I say.

*Sal.* Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.

*Bast.* Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:

If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,

79. "*Your sword is bright*"; so in *Othello*: "Keep up your bright swords; for the dew will rust them."—H. N. H.

84. "*True defense*"; *honest* defense, defense in a *good cause*.—H. N. H.

Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,  
 I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;  
 Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,  
 That you shall think the devil is come from hell!

*Big.* What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?  
 Second a villain and a murderer? 102

*Hub.* Lord Bigot, I am none.

*Big.* Who kill'd this prince?

*Hub.* 'Tis not an hour since I left him well;  
 I honor'd him, I loved him, and will weep  
 My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.

*Sal.* Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,  
 For villany is not without such rheum;  
 And he, long traded in it, makes it seem  
 Like rivers of remorse and innocency. 110

Away with me, all you whose souls abhor  
 The uncleanly savors of a slaughter-house;  
 For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

*Big.* Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!

*Pem.* There tell the king he may inquire us out.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

*Bast.* Here's a good world! Knew you of this fair  
 work?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach  
 Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,  
 Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

*Hub.* Do but hear me, sir.

*Bast.* Ha! I'll tell thee what; 120  
 Thou'rt damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so  
 black;

Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer:

There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell  
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

*Hub.* Upon my soul —

*Bast.* If thou didst but consent  
To this most cruel act, do but despair;  
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread  
That ever spider twisted from her womb  
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a  
beam

To hang thee on; or wouldst thou drown thyself,  
Put but a little water in a spoon, 131

And it shall be as all the ocean,  
Enough to stifle such a villain up.  
I do suspect thee very grievously.

*Hub.* If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,  
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath  
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,  
Let hell want pains enough to torture me.  
I left him well.

*Bast.* Go, bear him in thine arms.  
I am amazed, methinks, and lose my way 140  
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.  
How easy dost thou take all England up!  
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,  
The life, the right and truth of all this realm  
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left  
To tug and scramble and to part by the teeth

132. "ocean" (trisyllabic).—C. H. H.

133. "stifle up." "Up" adds the sense of completion to the action.

—C. H. H.

The unowed interest of proud-swelling state.  
Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty  
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest  
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace: 150  
Now powers from home and discontents at home  
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,  
As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,  
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.  
Now happy he whose cloak and cincture can  
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child  
And follow me with speed: I'll to the king:  
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,  
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[*Exeunt.*]

147. "*Unowed interest*"; that is, *unowned* interest; the interest that now has no acknowledged owner. On the death of Arthur, the right to the crown devolved to his sister Eleanor.—H. N. H.

## ACT FIFTH

## SCENE I

*King John's palace.**Enter King John, Pandulph, and Attendants.*

*K. John.* Thus have I yielded up into your hand  
The circle of my glory. [*Giving the crown.*]

*Pand.* Take again

From this my hand, as holding of the pope  
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

*K. John.* Now keep your holy word: go meet the  
French,

And from his holiness use all your power  
To stop their marches 'fore we are inflamed.  
Our discontented counties do revolt;  
Our people quarrel with obedience,  
Swearing allegiance and the love of soul 10  
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.  
This inundation of mistempered humor  
Rests by you only to be qualified:  
Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,  
That present medicine must be minister'd,  
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

8. "*counties*"; it is difficult to determine whether "*counties*" = (i.) "*counts*," i. e. "the nobility," or (ii.) "the divisions of the country": probably the former.—I. G.

10. "*love of soul*," heartfelt love.—C. H. H.

*Pand.* It was my breath that blew this tempest up  
 Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;  
 But since you are a gentle convertite,  
 My tongue shall hush again this storm of war  
 And make fair weather in your blustering land  
 On this Ascension-day, remember well, 22  
 Upon your oath of service to the pope,  
 Go I to make the French lay down their arms  
 [Exit]

*K. John.* Is this Ascension-day? Did not the  
 prophet  
 Say that before Ascension-day at noon  
 My crown I should give off? Even so I have  
 I did suppose it should be on constraint;  
 But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

*Enter the Bastard.*

*Bast.* All Kent hath yielded; nothing there hold  
 out 3  
 But Dover Castle: London hath received,  
 Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers  
 Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone  
 To offer service to your enemy,  
 And wild amazement hurries up and down  
 The little number of your doubtful friends.

*K. John.* Would not my lords return to me again  
 After they heard young Arthur was alive?

*Bast.* They found him dead and cast into the  
 streets,  
 An empty casket, where the jewel of life 4  
 By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en  
 away.

*K. John.* That villain Hubert told me he did live.

*Bast.* So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.

But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?

Be great in act, as you have been in thought;

Let not the world see fear and sad distrust

Govern the motion of a kingly eye:

Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;

Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow  
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes, <sup>50</sup>

That borrow their behaviors from the great,

Grow great by your example and put on

The dauntless spirit of resolution.

Away, and glister like the god of war,

When he intendeth to become the field:

Show boldness and aspiring confidence.

What, shall they seek the lion in his den,

And fight him there? and make him tremble  
there?

O, let it not be said: forage, and run

To meet displeasure farther from the doors, <sup>60</sup>

And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

*K. John.* The legate of the pope hath been with me

And I have made a happy peace with him;

And he hath promised to dismiss the powers

Led by the Dauphin.

*Bast.* O inglorious league!

Shall we, upon the footing of our land,

Send fair-play orders and make compromise,

Insinuation, parley and base truce

To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,

<sup>67.</sup> "fair-play orders"; instructions for courteous treatment (of the enemy).—C. H. H.



A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields, 76  
 And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,  
 Mocking the air with colours idly spread,  
 And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms  
 Perchance the cardinal cannot make your peace  
 Or if he do, let it at least be said  
 They saw we had a purpose of defense.

*K. John.* Have thou the ordering of this present  
 time.

*Bast.* Away, then, with good courage! yet, I  
 know,

Our party may well meet a prouder foe.

[*Exeunt*]

## SCENE II

*The Dauphin's camp at St. Edmundsbury.*

*Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, and Soldiers.*

*Lew.* My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,  
 And keep it safe for our remembrance:  
 Return the precedent to these lords again;  
 That, having our fair order written down,  
 Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,  
 May know wherefore we took the sacrament  
 And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

*Sal.* Upon our sides it never shall be broken.  
 And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear  
 A voluntary zeal and an unurged faith  
 To your proceedings; yet believe me, prince,

1. "*this*," i. e. "this compact with the English lords."—I. G.

I am not glad that such a sore of time  
 Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,  
 And heal the inveterate canker of one wound  
 By making many. O, it grieves my soul,  
 That I must draw this metal from my side  
 To be a widow-maker! O, and there  
 Where honorable rescue and defense  
 Cries out upon the name of Salisbury!  
 But such is the infection of the time, 20  
 That, for the health and physic of our right,  
 We cannot deal but with the very hand  
 Of stern injustice and confused wrong.  
 And is 't not pity, O my grieved friends,  
 That we, the sons and children of this isle,  
 Were born to see so sad an hour as this;  
 Wherein we step after a stranger, march  
 Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up  
 Her enemies' ranks,—I must withdraw and  
     weep  
 Upon the spot of this enforced cause,— 30  
 To grace the gentry of a land remote,  
 And follow unacquainted colors here?  
 What, here? O nation, that thou couldst re-  
     move!  
 That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,  
 Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,  
 And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;

27. "*step after a stranger, march*," so the Folios; Theobald "*stranger march*," but the original reading seems preferable.—I. G.

30. "*The spot*"; that is, the *stain*.—H. N. H.

36. "*grapple*," Pope's emendation of "*cripple*" of the Folios; Steevens conjectured "*gripple*," Gould "*couple*."—I. G.

Where these two Christian armies might come  
 to combine

The blood of malice in a vein of league,  
 And not to spend it so unneighborly!

*Lew.* A noble temper dost thou show in this;  
 And great affections wrestling in thy bosom  
 Doth make an earthquake of nobility.  
 O, what a noble combat hast thou fought  
 Between compulsion and a brave respect!  
 Let me wipe off this honorable dew,  
 That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks;  
 My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,  
 Being an ordinary inundation;  
 But this effusion of such manly drops,  
 This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul, 50  
 Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazed  
 Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven  
 Figured quite o'er with burning meteors.  
 Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,  
 And with a great heart heave away this storm  
 Commend these waters to those baby eyes  
 That never saw the giant world enraged;  
 Not met with fortune other than at feasts,  
 Full of warm blood, of mirth, of gossiping.  
 Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand a  
 deep 6  
 Into the purse of rich prosperity

44. "*Brave respect*"; this *compulsion* was the necessity of a reformation in the state; which, in Salisbury's opinion, could only be procured by foreign arms; and the *brave respect* was the love of country.—H. N. H.

59. "*Full of warm blood*," Heath's conjecture for "*Full warm blood*" of the Folios.—I. G.

As Lewis himself: so, nobles, shall you all,  
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.  
And even there, methinks, an angel spake:

*Enter Pandulph.*

Look, where the holy legate come apace,  
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,  
And on our actions set the name of right  
With holy breath.

*Pand.* Hail, noble prince of France!  
The next is this, King John hath reconciled  
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in, 70  
That so stood out against the holy church,  
The great metropolis and see of Rome:  
Therefore thy threatening colors now wind up;  
And tame the savage spirit of wild war,  
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,  
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,  
And be no further harmful than in show.

*Lew.* Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back;  
I am too high-born to be propertied,  
To be a secondary at control, 80  
Or useful serving-man and instrument  
To any sovereign state throughout the world.  
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars  
Between this chastised kingdom and myself,  
And brought in matter that should feed this  
fire;  
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out

64. "an angel spake"; "angel" used probably equivocally with a play upon "angel" the gold coin, the quibble being suggested by the previous "purse," "nobles."—I. G.

With that same weak wind which enkindled it  
 You taught me how to know the face of right  
 Acquainted me with interest to this land,  
 Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart; 90  
 And come ye now to tell me John hath made  
 His peace with Rome? What is that peace to  
 me?

I, by the honor of my marriage-bed,  
 After young Arthur, claim this land for mine  
 And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back  
 Because that John hath made his peace with  
 Rome?

Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome  
 borne,

What men provided, what munition sent,  
 To underprop this action? Is't not I  
 That undergo this charge? who else but I, 100  
 And such as to my claim are liable,  
 Sweat in this business and maintain this war  
 Have I not heard these islanders shout out  
 'Vive le roi!' as I have bank'd their towns?  
 Have I not here the best cards for the game,

89. "*Interest to the land*"; this was the phraseology of the time.  
 Thus in 2 *Henry IV*:

He hath more worthy interest *to the state*  
 Than thou, the shadow of succession."

Again in Dugdale's *Warwickshire*: "He had a release from Ros  
 the daughter and heir of Sir John de Arden, before specified, of  
 all her *interest to the manor of Pedimore*."—H. N. H.

104. "*Bank'd their towns*"; that is, passed along the banks of the  
 river. Thus in the old play: "From the hollow holes of Thames  
 echo apace replied, *Vive le roi!*" We still say to *coast* and to *flank*  
 and to *bank* has no less propriety, though not reconciled to us by  
 modern usage.—H. N. H.

To win this easy match play'd for a crown?  
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?

No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

*Pand.* You look but on the outside of this work.

*Lew.* Outside or inside, I will not return 110

Till my attempt so much be glorified

As to my ample hope was promised

Before I drew this gallant head of war

And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,

To outlook conquest and to win renown

Even in the jaws of danger and of death.

[*Trumpet sounds.*

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

*Enter the Bastard, attended.*

*Bast.* According to the fair-play of the world,

Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:

My only lord of Milan, from the king 120

I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;

And, as you answer, I do know the scope

And warrant limited unto my tongue.

*Pand.* The Dauphin is too willful-opposite,

And will not temporize with my entreaties;

He flatly says he'll not lay down his arms.

*Bast.* By all the blood that ever fury breathed,

The youth says well. Now hear our English  
king;

For thus his royalty doth speak in me.

He is prepared, and reason too he should: 130

This apish and unmannerly approach,

115. "outlook," outface, face-down; "conquest" is conceived as  
powed into submission by the defiant looks of the victor.—C. H. H.

This harness'd masque and unadvised revel,  
 This unhair'd sauciness and boyish troops,  
 The king doth smile at; and is well prepared  
 To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms  
 From out the circle of his territories.

That hand which had the strength, even at your  
 door,

To cudgel you and make you take the hatch,  
 To dive like buckets in concealed wells,  
 To crouch in litter of your stable planks, 14  
 To lie like pawns lock'd up in chests and trunks  
 To hug with swine, to seek sweet safety out  
 In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake  
 Even at the crying of your nation's crow,  
 Thinking his voice an armed Englishman;  
 Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,  
 That in your chambers gave you chastisement  
 No: know the gallant monarch is in arms  
 And like an eagle o'er his aery towers,  
 To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.  
 And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts, 15  
 You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb  
 Of your dear mother England, blush for shame  
 For your own ladies and pale-visaged maids  
 Like Amazons come tripping after drums,  
 Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,

133. "*unhair'd*," Theobald's correction of Folios; Folio 1, "*heard*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*unheard*"; Keightly proposed "*un-beard*."  
 I. G.

144. "*your nation's crow*"; probably, the cock as the Gallic bird (*gallus*), derisively so called by a play on the double sense of "*crow*." But there may be an allusion to the ominous flight of ravens which terrified the French before the battle of Poitiers, an incident utilized in the play of *Edward III*.—C. H. H.



Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts  
To fierce and bloody inclination.

*Lew.* There end thy brave, and turn thy face in  
peace;

We grant thou canst outscold us: fare thee well;  
We hold our time too precious to be spent 161  
With such a brabbler.

*Pand.* Give me leave to speak.

*Bast.* No, I will speak.

*Lew.* We will attend to neither.

Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war  
Plead for our interest and our being here.

*Bast.* Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry  
out;

And so shall you, being beaten: do but start  
An echo with the clamor of thy drum,  
And even at hand a drum is ready braced  
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine; 170  
Sound but another, and another shall  
As loud as thine rattle the welkin's ear  
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at  
hand,

Not trusting to this halting legate here,  
Whom he hath used rather for sport than need,  
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits  
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day  
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

*Lew.* Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

*Bast.* And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not  
doubt. [Exeunt. 180

## SCENE III

*The field of battle.**Alarums. Enter King John and Hubert.*

**K. John.** How goes the day with us? O, tell me  
Hubert.

**Hub.** Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?

**K. John.** This fever, that hath troubled me so  
long,

Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is sick!

*Enter a Messenger*

**Mess.** My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,

Desires your majesty to leave the field

And send him word by me which way you go.

**K. John.** Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

**Mess.** Be of good comfort; for the great supply  
That was expected by the Dauphin here,  
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin  
Sands.

This news was brought to Richard but even  
now:

The French fight coldly, and retire themselves

**K. John.** Aye me! this tyrant fever burns me up  
And will not let me welcome this good news.

8. "Swinstead"; so in "*The Troublesome Reign*"; "Swinstead"  
Swineshead, near Spalding, in Lincolnshire.—I. G.

9. "Supply" is here used as a noun of multitude.—H. N. H.

Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;  
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.

[*Exeunt.*]

# SCENE IV

*Another part of the field.*

*Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.*

*Sal.* I did not think the king so stored with friends.

*Pem.* Up once again; put spirit in the French:  
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

*Sal.* That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,  
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

*Pem.* They say King John sore sick hath left the  
field.

*Enter Melun, wounded.*

*Mel.* Lead me to the revolts of England here.

*Sal.* When we were happy we had other names.

*Pem.* It is the Count Melun.

*Sal.* Wounded to death.

*Mel.* Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;  
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion 11  
And welcome home again discarded faith.  
Seek out King John and fall before his feet;  
For if the French be lords of this loud day,  
He means to recompense the pains you take  
By cutting off your heads: thus hath he sworn

10. "*Bought and sold*"; a proverbial expression intimating treachery.—H. N. H.

15. "*He*," i. e. the Dauphin; perhaps "*lords*" in the previous line is an error for "*lord*."—I. G.

And I with him, and many moe with me,  
 Upon the altar at Saint Edmundsbury;  
 Even on that altar where we swore to you  
 Dear amity and everlasting love.

*Sal.* May this be possible? may this be true?

*Mel.* Have I not hideous death within my view,  
 Retaining but a quantity of life,  
 Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax  
 Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?  
 What in the world should make me now deceive  
 Since I must lose the use of all deceit?  
 Why should I then be false, since it is true  
 That I must die here and live hence by truth

20. "*Everlasting love*"; the chronicler tells the following story this Melun upon the authority of Matthew Paris: "The Viscount Melun, a Frenchman, fell sick at London, and, perceiving that death was at hand, he called unto him certain of the English barons which remained in the city, upon safeguard thereof, and to them made this protestation: 'I lament, saith he, your destruction and desolation at hand, because you are ignorant of the perils hanging over your heads. For this understand that Lewis, and with him sixteen earls and barons of France, have secretly sworn, if it shall fortune him to conquer this realm of England, and be crowned king, that he will kill, banish, and confine all those of the English nobility, which now do serve him, and persecute their own king, traitors and rebels. And because you shall have no doubt hereof, which lie here at the point of death, do now affirm unto you, and take it on the peril of my soul, that I am one of those sixteen that have sworn to do this thing.'" The Dauphin's oath runs thus in old King John:

"There's not an English traitor of them all,  
 John once despatch'd, and I fair England's king,  
 Shall on his shoulders bear his head one day,  
 But I will crop it for their guilt's desert."—H. N. H.

24-25. "*even as a form of wax Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire*," alluding to the images of wax used in witchcraft; as a figure melted before the fire, so the person it represented dwindled away.—I. G.

I say again, if Lewis do win the day, 30  
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours  
Behold another day break in the east:  
But even this night, whose black contagious  
breath

Already smokes about the burning crest  
Of the old, feeble and day-wearied sun,  
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,  
Paying the fine of rated treachery  
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,  
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.  
Commend me to one Hubert with your king: 40  
The love of him, and this respect besides,  
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,  
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.  
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence  
From forth the noise and rumor of the field,  
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts  
In peace, and part this body and my soul  
With contemplation and devout desires.

*Sal.* We do believe thee: and beshrew my soul  
But I do love the favor and the form 50  
Of this most fair occasion, by the which  
We will untread the steps of damned flight,  
And like a bated and retired flood,  
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,  
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'er-  
look'd,  
And calmly run on in obedience

37. "*rated*," assessed at its value.—C. H. H.

44. "*In lieu whereof*," in return for which.—C. H. H.

50. "*favor*," aspect.—C. H. H.

Even to our ocean, to our great King John.  
 My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence  
 For I do see the cruel pangs of death  
 Right in thine eye. Away, my friends! New  
     flight;  
 And happy newness, that intends old right.  
     [*Exeunt, leading off Melun*]

## SCENE V

*The French camp.*

*Enter Lewis and his*

*Lew.* The sun of heaven methought was loath to  
     set,  
 But stay'd and made the western welkin blush  
 When English measure backward their own  
     ground  
 In faint retire. O, bravely came we off,  
 When with a volley of our needless shot,  
 After such bloody toil, we bid good night;  
 And wound our tottering colors clearly up,  
 Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

*Lew.* Here: what news?

*Mess.* The Count Melun is slain; the English lord

60. "*Right in thine eye*"; it has been suggested that "*right*" is misprint for "*riot*"; "*pight*," "*fight*," "*fright*," etc., have been proposed: there is no reason at all for emending the word.—I. G.

By his persuasion are again fall'n off, 11  
 And your supply, which you have wish'd so  
 long,

Are cast away and sunk on Goodwin Sands.

*Lew.* Ah, foul shrewd news! beshrew thy very  
 heart!

I did not think to be so sad to-night  
 As this hath made me. Who was he that said  
 King John did fly an hour or two before  
 The stumbling night did part our weary pow-  
 ers?

*Mess.* Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

*Lew.* Well; keep good quarter and good care to-  
 night: 20

The day shall not be up so soon as I,  
 To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI

*An open place in the neighborhood of  
 Swinstead Abbey.*

*Enter the Bastard and Hubert, severally.*

*Hub.* Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I  
 shoot.

*Bast.* A friend. What art thou?

*Hub.* Of the part of England.

*Bast.* Whither dost thou go?

*Hub.* What's that to thee? why may not I demand

20. "Good quarter"; that is, keep in your allotted posts or stations.  
 —H. N. H.



Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

*Bast.* Hubert, I think.

*Hub.* Thou hast a perfect thought:  
I will upon all hazards well believe  
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue  
so well.

Who art thou?

*Bast.* Who thou wilt: and if thou please;  
Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think 10  
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

*Hub.* Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless night  
Have done me shame: brave soldier, pardon me,  
That any accent breaking from thy tongue  
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

*Bast.* Come, come; sans compliment, what news  
abroad?

*Hub.* Why, here walk I in the black brow of night,  
To find you out.

*Bast.* Brief, then; and what 's the news?

*Hub.* O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,  
Black, fearful, comfortless and horrible. 20

*Bast.* Show me the very wound of this ill news:  
I am no woman, I 'll not swoon at it.

*Hub.* The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:  
I left him almost speechless; and broke out  
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might  
The better arm you to the sudden time,  
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

*Bast.* How did he take it? who did taste to him?

12. "*Unkind*," i. e. for having failed him.—C. H. H.

"*eyeless night*," Theobald's emendation of the Folios, "*endles*."—

I. G.

26. "*time*," emergency.—C. H. H.

*Hub.* A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,  
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king <sup>30</sup>  
Yet speaks and peradventure may recover.

*Bast.* Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

*Hub.* Why, know you not? the lords are all come  
back,

And brought Prince Henry in their company;  
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,  
And they are all about his majesty.

*Bast.* Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,  
And tempt us not to bear above our power!

I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,  
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide; <sup>40</sup>

These Lincoln Washes have devoured them;  
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped.

Away before: conduct me to the king;

I doubt he will be dead or ere I come.

[*Exeunt.*]

30. "*The King yet speaks*"; not one of the historians who wrote within sixty years of the event mentions this story. Thomas Wykes is the first who mentions it. According to the best accounts John died at Newark, of a fever. The following account is given by Holinshed from Caxton: "After he had lost his army, he came to the abbey of Swineshead in Lincolnshire, and there understanding the cheapness and plenty of corn, showed himself greatly displeased therewith, and said in his anger, that he would cause all kind of grain to be at a far higher price ere many days should pass. Whereupon a monk that heard him speak such words, being moved with zeal for the oppressions of his country, gave the king poison in a cup of ale, whereof he first took the assay, to cause the king not to suspect the matter, and so they both died in manner at one time."  
—H. N. H.

## SCENE VII

*The orchard at Swinstead Abbey.*

*Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.*

*P. Hen.* It is too late: the life of all his blood  
Is touch'd corruptibly, and his pure brain,  
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling  
house,  
Doth by the idle comments that it makes  
Foretell the ending of mortality.

*Enter Pembroke.*

*Pem.* His highness yet doth speak, and holds belie  
That, being brought into the open air,  
It would allay the burning quality  
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

*P. Hen.* Let him be brought into the orchard here  
Doth he still rage? *[Exit Bigot.]*

*Pem.* He is more patient  
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

*P. Hen.* O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes  
In their continuance will not feel themselves.  
Death, having prey'd upon the outward part  
Leaves them invisible, and his siege is now

1. Prince "*Henry*" was only nine years old when his father died.  
H. N. H.

2. "*his pure brain*," his otherwise clear mind.—C. H. H.

16. "*Leaves them invisible, and his siege*"; so Folio 1; the other Folios, "*and her siege*"; Pope, "*leaves them; invisible his siege*"; Hanmer, "*leaves them insensible; his siege*"; Steevens, "*invincible*" etc.—I. G.

Against the mind, the which he pricks and  
wounds

With many legions of strange fantasies,  
Which, in their throng and press to that last  
hold,

Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death  
should sing. 20

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,  
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,  
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings  
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

*Sal.* Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born  
To set a form upon that indigest  
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

*Enter Attendants, and Bigot, carrying King John  
in a chair.*

*K. John.* Aye, marry, now my soul hath elbow-  
room;

It would not out at windows nor at doors.

There is so hot a summer in my bosom, 30

That all my bowels crumble up to dust:

I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen

Upon a parchment, and against this fire

Do I shrink up.

*P. Hen.* How fares your majesty?

*K. John.* Poison'd,—ill fare—dead, forsook, cast  
off:

And none of you will bid the winter come

21. "cygnet"; Rowe's correction of "Symet" of the Folios.—I. G.

26. "Indigest"; a description of Chaos almost in the very words of  
Ovid "Quem dixere Chaos rudis indigestaque moles."—H. N. H.

To thrust his icy fingers in my maw,  
 Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course  
 Through my burn'd bosom, nor entreat the  
 north

To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips  
 And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you  
 much, 4

I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait  
 And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

*P. Hen.* O that there were some virtue in my tears  
 That might relieve you!

*K. John.* The salt in them is hot.  
 Within me is a hell; and there the poison  
 Is as a fiend confined to tyrannize  
 On unreprieveable condemned blood.

*Enter the Bastard.*

*Bast.* O, I am scalded with my violent motion,  
 And spleen of speed to see your majesty! 5

*K. John.* O cousin, thou art come to set mine eyes  
 The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd,  
 And all the shrouds wherewith my life should  
 sail

Are turned to one thread, one little hair  
 My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,  
 Which holds but till thy news be uttered;  
 And then all this thou seest is but a clod  
 And module of confounded royalty.

*Bast.* The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,  
 Where heaven He knows how we shall answer  
 him; 6

For in a night the best part of my power,

As I upon advantage did remove,  
Were in the Washes all unwarily  
Devoured by the unexpected flood.

[*The King dies.*]

*Sal.* You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.  
My liege! my lord! but now a king, now thus.

*P. Hen.* Even so must I run on, and even so stop.  
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,  
When this was now a king, and now is clay?

*Bast.* Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind 70  
To do the office for thee of revenge,  
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,  
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.

Now, now, you stars that move in your right  
spheres,

Where be your powers? show now your mended  
faiths,

And instantly return with me again,  
To push destruction and perpetual shame  
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.  
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be  
sought;

The Dauphin rages at our very heels. 80

*Sal.* It seems you know not, then, so much as we:  
The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,

62. "*upon advantage*," as a favorable opportunity occurred.—C. H. H.

64. "*Unexpected flood*"; this untoward accident really happened to King John himself. As he passed from Lynn to Lincolnshire he lost by an inundation all his treasure, carriages, baggage, and regalia.—H. N. H.

82. "*Cardinal Pandulph*." The historic cardinal who effected the negotiations was no longer Pandulph, but Gualo (Hol. iii. 192).—C. H. H.

Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin  
 And brings from him such offers of our peace  
 As we with honor and respect may take,  
 With purpose presently to leave this war.

*Bast.* He will the rather do it when he sees  
 Ourselves well sinewed to our defense.

*Sal.* Nay, it is in a manner done already;  
 For many carriages he hath dispatch'd 9  
 To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel  
 To the disposing of the cardinal:  
 With whom yourself, myself and other lords,  
 If you think meet, this afternoon will post  
 To consummate this business happily.

*Bast.* Let it be so: and you, my noble prince,  
 With other princes that may best be spared,  
 Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

*P. Hen.* At Worcester must his body be interr'd  
 For so he will'd it.

*Bast.* Thither shall it then: 10  
 And happily may your sweet self put on  
 The lineal state and glory of the land!  
 To whom, with all submission, on my knee  
 I do bequeath my faithful services  
 And true subjection everlastingly.

*Sal.* And the like tender of our love we make,  
 To rest without a spot for evermore.

*P. Hen.* I have a kind soul that would give you  
 thanks

And knows not how to do it but with tears.

99. "*At Worcester*"; a stone coffin, containing the body of King John, was discovered in the cathedral church of Worcester, July 1 1797.—H. N. H.



*Bast.* O, let us pay the time but needful woe, 110  
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.  
This England never did, nor never shall,  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
But when it first did help to wound itself.  
Now these her princes are come home again,  
Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make  
us rue,  
If England to itself do rest but true. [*Exeunt.*

# GLOSSARY

By ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A.

'A'=he; I. i. 68.

ABSEY BOOK, i. e. A B C book;  
a primer, which sometimes in-  
cluded a catechism; I. i. 196.

ABSTRACT, epitome, summary; II.  
i. 101.

ADJUNCT, consequent; III. iii.  
57.

ADVANTAGE, profit, interest; III.  
iii. 22.

ADVERSE, inimicable, hostile; IV.  
ii. 172.

ADVICE, deliberate consideration;  
III. iv. 11.

ADVISED, "well a.," considerate;  
III. i. 5.

AERY, eagle's brood; V. ii. 149.

AFFECTETH, resembleth; I. i. 86.

AFFECTIONS, passions, feelings;  
V. ii. 41.

AFFLICTION, afflicted one; III. iv.  
36.

AIM; "cry a.," an expression  
borrowed from archery = to  
encourage the archers by cry-  
ing out *aim*, when they were  
about to shoot, and then in a  
general sense to applaud, to  
encourage with cheers; II. i.  
196.

AIRY, dwelling in the air; III. ii.  
2.

AMAZED, bewildered; IV. ii. 137.

AN; "an if"; *an* used to em-  
phasize *if*; I. i. 138.

ANATOMY, skeleton; III. iv. 40.

ANGEL; a gold coin of the value

of ten shillings, with the figure  
of Michael and the dragon;  
II. i. 590; III. iii. 8; play upon  
"angel" and "noble" (value  
six shillings and eightpence);  
V. ii. 64.

ANGERLY, angrily; IV. i. 82.

ANGIERS, Angers, the capital of  
Anjou; II. i. 1.

ANSWER, face; V. vii. 60.

ANSWER'D, atoned; IV. ii. 89.

APPARENT, plain, evident; IV. ii.  
93.

ARMADO, fleet of war-ships; III.  
iv. 2.

ARMS, heraldic device; IV. iii.  
47.

ARMS, "in arms," armed; III. i.  
102; in embracement; III. i.  
103.

ARRAS, embroidered hangings  
which covered the walls; IV. i.  
2.

ARTICLES, particular items in  
writing or discourse; II. i.  
111.

ARTIFICER, artisan; IV. ii. 201.

ASPECT, look, air; IV. ii. 72.

ASSURED, betrothed; II. i. 535.

AT=by; V. ii. 75.

ATE (Folios, "Ace"), Goddess of  
Mischievous; II. i. 63.

AVAUNT, exclamation of con-  
tempt or abhorrence, away! be-  
gone! IV. iii. 77.

AWELESS, unawed, fearless; I. i.  
266.

- BACK**, go back; V. ii. 78, 95.
- BANK'D**, sailed along the river-banks; V. ii. 104.
- BARE-RIBB'D**, skeleton; V. ii. 177.
- BASTINADO**, a sound beating; II. i. 463.
- BATED**, abated, diminished; V. iv. 53.
- BATTLES**, armies drawn up in battle array; IV. ii. 78.
- BECKS** = beckons; III. iii. 13.
- BECOME**, adorn, grace; V. i. 55.
- BEDLAM**, lunatic; II. i. 183.
- BEGUILED**, cheated; III. i. 99.
- BEHALF**; "in right and true b.," on behalf of the rightful and true claim; I. i. 7.
- BEHAVIOR**, "in my b.," i. e. "in the tone and character which I here assume"; I. i. 3.
- BEHOLDING**, beholden; I. i. 239.
- BELDAMS**, old women, hags; used contemptuously; IV. ii. 185.
- BENT**, directed, pointed; II. i. 37.
- BEQUEATH**, transfer; V. vii. 104.
- BESHREW MY SOUL**, a mild oath; V. iv. 49.
- BETIME**, quickly, before it is too late; IV. iii. 98.
- BETTERS**, superiors in rank; I. i. 156.
- BIAS**, that which draws in a particular direction, preponderant activity; originally the weight of lead let into one side of a bowl in order to make it turn towards that side; II. i. 574.
- BLOOD**, "lusty blood," hasty, impetuous spirit; II. i. 461.
- BLOOD**; "true b.," blood of the rightful heir; III. iv. 147.
- BLOODS**, men of mettle; II. i. 278.
- BLOTS**, disfigurements; III. i. 45.
- BOISTEROUS**, rude, violent; IV. i. 95.
- BORROWED**, false, counterfeit; I. i. 4.
- BOTTOMS**, ships; II. i. 73.
- BOUGHT AND SOLD**, betrayed; V. iv. 10.
- BOUNDS**, boundaries; III. i. 23.
- BRABBLER**, quarreler, noisy fellow; V. ii. 162.
- BRAVE**, bravado, defiant speech; V. ii. 159.
- BRAVE**, defy; V. i. 70.
- BREATHES**, takes breath; III. ii. 4.
- BRIEF**, short document; a legal term; II. i. 103.
- BRIEF IN HAND**, speedily to be dispatched; IV. iii. 158.
- BROKE OUT**, escaped; V. vi. 24.
- BROKE WITH**, opened my heart, communicated; IV. ii. 227.
- BROKER**, agent; II. i. 568.
- BROWS**, walls (used figuratively); II. i. 38.
- BUSS**, kiss; III. iv. 35.
- BUT**, except; III. i. 92; but that; IV. i. 128; "but now" = just now; V. vii. 66.
- BY THIS LIGHT**, a mild oath; I. i. 259.
- CALF'S-SKIN**, a coat made of calf's-skin; the distinguishing garment of a fool; III. i. 129.
- CALL**, a cry to entice birds to return; III. iv. 174.
- CANKER**, corroding evil; V. ii. 14.
- CANKER'D**, venomous, wicked; II. i. 194.
- CAPABLE OF**, susceptible to; III. i. 12.
- CENSURED**, judged; II. i. 328.
- CHAFED** (the Folios "cased"; Theobald's emendation), enraged; III. i. 259.
- "CHAMPION OF OUR CHURCH"**; "the King of France was

- styled the Eldest son of the Church and the Most Christian King"; III. i. 267.
- CHAPS**, jaws, the mouth; II. i. 352.
- CHASTISED**, severely punished; V. ii. 84.
- CHATILLON** (Chatillion, in the Folios), quadrisyllabic; I. i. 30.
- CHECK**, control; an allusion to the game of chess; "the Queen of the chessboard was, in this country, invested with those remarkable powers that render her by far the most powerful piece in the game, somewhere about the second decade of the 16th century" (Staunton); II. i. 123.
- CHRISTENDOM**, baptism, Christianity; IV. i. 16.
- CHURLISH**, rough, rude; II. i. 76; niggardly; II. i. 519.
- CINCTURE** (Pope's reading; Folios "*center*," perhaps=French *ceinture*), girdle; IV. iii. 155.
- CIRCUMSTANCE**, details; II. i. 77.
- CLAP UP**, join hands to ratify a compact; III. i. 235.
- CLEARLY**, completely; V. v. 7.
- CLIMATE**, region of the sky; II. i. 344.
- CLIPPETH ABOUT**, embraceth; V. ii. 34.
- CLOSE**, secret; IV. ii. 72.
- CLOSELY**, secretly; IV. i. 133.
- CLOSET**, private apartment; IV. ii. 267.
- CLOUTS**; "a babe of c.," a doll made of pieces of cloth, a rag-doll; III. iv. 58.
- CLUTCH**, shut close; II. i. 589.
- COCKER'D**, pampered; V. i. 70.
- COIL**, ado, turmoil; II. i. 165.
- COLBRAND THE GIANT**; a famous legendary giant, overthrown by Guy of Warwick before King Athelstan at Winchester (*ſp.* Ballad of Guy and Colbrande, in Percy's *Reliques*); I. i. 225.
- COLDLY**, calmly, tranquilly; II. 53.
- COMMANDMENT ON**, command over; IV. ii. 92.
- COMMODITY**, profit, self-interest; II. i. 573.
- COMPANIES**=*company*; IV. i. 167.
- COMPOSITION**, compact; II. i. 561.
- COMPOUND**, agree, settle; II. i. 281.
- COMPULSION**, compelling circumstances; V. ii. 44.
- CONCEIT**, mental faculty, intelligence; III. iii. 50.
- CONCLUDES**, settles the matter; I. i. 127.
- CONDUCT**, escort, guard; I. i. 29.
- CONFOUNDED**, destroyed; V. vii. 58.
- CONFUSION**, ruin, overthrow; II. i. 359.
- CONJURE**, solemnly enjoin; IV. ii. 269.
- CONSEQUENTLY**, accordingly; IV. ii. 240.
- CONTEMN'D**, despised; V. ii. 13.
- CONTROL**, constraint; I. i. 17.
- CONTROLMENT**, compulsion; I. 20.
- CONVERSION**, change to superior rank; I. i. 189.
- CONVERTITE**, convert; V. i. 19.
- CONVICTED**, defeated, overpowered; III. iv. 2.
- COOPS**, shuts up (for protection); II. i. 25.
- CORRUPTIBLY**, causing corruption; V. vii. 2.

**COUNTRIES**; "man of c.," traveler; I. i. 193.

**COUSIN**, any kinsman or kinswoman not nearly related; III. i. 339.

**COVETOUSNESS**, eagerness, desire; IV. ii. 29.

**CRACKER**, blusterer, braggart; II. i. 147.

**CREATE**, created; IV. i. 107.

**CROSS'D**, thwarted; III. i. 91.

**CULL**, choose out, select; II. i. 40.

**CUSTOMED**, accustomed, customary, common; III. iv. 155.

**DEAD NEWS**, news of death; V. vii. 65.

**DEAFS** = deafens; II. i. 147.

**DEALT**, acted; V. ii. 121.

**DEAR**; "my d. offense," "the offense which has cost me dear"; I. i. 257.

**DEFFY**, despise, renounce; III. iv. 23.

**DEPARTED**, parted; II. i. 563.

**DEVICE**, "cut and ornaments of a garment"; I. i. 210.

**DIM**, "wanting the fresh aspect of life and health"; III. iv. 85.

**DISALLOW OF**, refuse; I. i. 16.

**DISCONTENTS**, discontented spirits; IV. iii. 151.

**DISHABITED**, dislodged; II. i. 220.

**DISPITEOUS**, pitiless; IV. i. 34.

**DISPOSE**, disposal; I. i. 263.

**DISPOSED**, managed, arranged; III. iv. 11.

**DISTEMPER'D**, disturbed by the elements; III. iv. 154; angry, ill-humored; IV. iii. 21.

**DOFF**, take off; III. i. 128.

**DOGGED**, cruel; IV. i. 129; IV. iii. 149.

**DOMINATIONS**, dominion, sovereign power; II. i. 176.

**DOUBT**, suspect, fear; IV. i. 19.

**DOUBTLESS**, free from fear; IV. i. 130.

**DOWN-TRODDEN**, trampled to the ground; II. i. 241.

**DRAW**, draw out, lengthen; II. i. 103.

**DRAWN**, drawn together; IV. ii. 118.

**DREW**, levied; V. ii. 113.

**DUNGHILL**; a term of contempt for a person meanly born (= "dunghill cur"); IV. iii. 87.

**DUST**, "a d.," a particle of dust; IV. i. 93.

**EAT**, eaten; I. i. 234.

**EFFECT**, import, tenor; IV. i. 38.

**EMBASSY**, message entrusted to an ambassador; I. i. 6; I. i. 22.

**EMBATTAINED**, drawn up in battle order; IV. ii. 200.

**EMBOUNDED**, enclosed; IV. iii. 137.

**ENDAMAGEMENT**, injury, harm; II. i. 209.

**ENFORCED**, compelled; V. ii. 30.

**ENFRANCHISEMENT**, release from prison, deliverance; IV. ii. 52.

**EQUITY**, justice; II. i. 241.

**EVEN**, exactly, just; III. i. 233.

**EXCOMMUNICATE** = excommunicated; III. i. 173.

**EXERCISE**; "good exercise," education befitting a noble youth; IV. ii. 60.

**EXHALATION**, meteor; III. iv. 153.

**EXPEDIENT**, expeditious, quick; II. i. 60.

**EXPIRE**, come to an end, cease; V. iv. 36.

**EXTREMES**, acts of cruelty; IV. i. 108.

**FAIR**, clearly, distinctly; IV. i. 37.

FAIR FALL, fair fortune befall;  
I. i. 78.

FALL FROM, desert; III. i. 320.

FALL'N OFF, deserted; V. v. 11.

FANTASIED; "strangely f.," filled with strange fancies; IV. ii. 144.

FASHION'D; "so new a f. robe," a robe of so new a fashion; IV. ii. 27.

FAST AND LOOSE, a cheating game of gipsies and other vagrants, the drift of which was to encourage wagers, as to whether a knot was fast or loose; III. i. 242.

FEARFUL; "fearful action," gestures of fear; IV. ii. 191.

FEATURE, form, external appearance; IV. ii. 264.

FELL, fierce, cruel; III. iv. 40.

FENCE, skill in fencing; II. i. 290.

FETCH ABOUT, turn, veer round; IV. ii. 24.

FIELD, battle-field; V. i. 55.

FINE, punishment; V. iv. 37; V. iv. 38, end; with a play upon the two senses of the word.

FLATS, low ground; V. vi. 40.

FLEET, pass away with rapidity; II. i. 285.

FLESH, "make fierce and eager for combat"; V. i. 71.

FLESHLY LAND, land of flesh; IV. ii. 245.

FLOOD, ocean, sea; III. iv. 1.

FOUL, scorn, mock; II. i. 373.

FONDLY, foolishly; II. i. 258.

FOOTING; "upon the f. of our land," standing upon our own soil; V. i. 66.

FOR, because; II. i. 591.

FORAGE, prowl about like a lion in search of prey; V. i. 59.

FOR BECAUSE = because; II. 588.

FORGO, give up, renounce; III. 207.

FORWEARIED, worn out, exhausted; II. i. 233.

FOSTER'D UP, reared; V. ii. 75.

FRANCE, the King of France; i. 1.

FROM, away from, foreign; IV. iii. 151.

FULSOME, nauseous, disgusting; III. iv. 32.

GALL, wound, hurt; IV. iii. 94.

GAWDS, toys, trifling ornaments; III. iii. 36.

GIVE OFF, take off, give up; V. i. 27.

GIVE WAY, permit to pass before us; I. i. 156.

GLISTER, glitter, shine; V. i. 54.

GONE, despatched, dead; III. iv. 163.

GOOD DEN, good evening; I. 185.

GOODS, good, advantage; IV. i. 64.

GRACIOUS, full of grace, lovely; III. iv. 81.

GREENS, grassy plains, meadows; II. i. 242.

GROSSLY, stupidly; III. i. 168.

GUARD, ornament; IV. ii. 10.

HALF-FACED GROAT; groats and half-groats with the profile of half-face of the King, were first struck in 1503; I. i. 94.

HALTING, dilatory; V. ii. 174.

HANDKERCHER = handkerchief; IV. i. 42.

HARBORAGE, shelter; II. i. 234.

**HARNESSED**, dressed in armor; V. ii. 132.

**HATCH**, half door; "take the h.," jump the half door; V. ii. 138.

**HEAD OF WAR**, armed force; V. ii. 113.

**HEAT** = heated; IV. i. 61.

**HEINOUS**, odious; III. iv. 90.

**HENCE**, hereafter; V. iv. 29.

**HIS** = its; IV. iii. 32.

**HOLD**, restrain; IV. ii. 82.

**HOLDS HAND WITH**, is on terms of equality with; II. i. 494.

**HOLP**, helped; I. i. 240.

**HUMOROUS**, capricious; III. i. 119.

**HUMORS**, "unsettled h.," restless spirits; II. i. 66; whims; IV. ii. 209.

**HURLY** = *hurly-burly*, confusion, uproar; III. iv. 169.

**LY**, casually, carelessly; IV. ii. 124.

**IMPEACH**, accuse; II. i. 116.

**IMPORTANCE**, importunity; II. i. 7.

**IN** = on; I. i. 99.

**INDIFFERENCY**, impartiality; II. i. 579.

**INDIGEST**, chaos; V. vii. 26.

**INDIRECT**, lawless, wrong; III. i. 275.

**INDIRECTION**, wrong, dishonest practice; III. i. 276.

**INDIRECTLY**, wrongfully; II. i. 49.

**INDUSTRIOUS**, zealous, laborious; II. i. 376.

**INFANT STATE**, infant majesty, or, state that belongs to an infant; II. i. 97.

**UNFORTUNATE**, unfortunate; II. i. 178.

**UNGRATE**, ungrateful; V. ii. 151.

**INNOCENCY**, innocence; IV. iii. 110.

**INQUIRE OUT**, seek out; IV. iii. 115.

**INTELLIGENCE**, spies, informers; IV. ii. 116.

**INTEREST TO**, claim to; V. ii. 89.

**INTERROGATORIES**, a technical law-term; questions put to a witness which were to be answered with the solemnities of an oath; III. i. 147.

**INVASIVE**, invading; V. i. 69.

**INVETERATE**, deep-rooted; V. ii. 14.

**JOAN**, a common name for a woman among rustics; I. i. 184.

**JOY**, glad; III. iv. 107.

**LASTING**, everlasting, eternal; III. iv. 27.

**LIABLE**, subject; II. i. 490; fit; IV. ii. 226; allied, associated; V. ii. 101.

**LIEN** = lain; IV. i. 50.

**LIGHTNING**; "as l.," as swift as lightning; I. i. 24.

**LIKE**, likely, probable; III. iv. 49.

**LIMITED**, fixed, appointed; V. ii. 123.

**LINE**, thicken, strengthen; IV. iii. 24.

**LINEAL**, hereditary, due by right of birth; II. i. 85.

**LIST**, listen, give ear; II. i. 468.

**LITTER**, a couch for ladies and sick persons in traveling; V. iii. 16.

**MAKE UP**, hasten forward; III. ii. 5.

**MANAGE**, taking of measures, administration; I. i. 37.

**MATTER**, material, fuel; V. ii. 85.



- MAY, can; V. iv. 21.  
 MEAGER, thin, lean; III. iv. 85.  
 MEANS, intends, purposes; III. iv. 119.  
 MEASURES, stately dances; here used for the music accompanying and regulating the motion of the dance; III. i. 304.  
 MIGHT, could, were able; II. i. 325.  
 MINION, favorite; II. i. 392.  
 MISTEMPERED = distempered, ill-tempered; V. i. 12.  
 MISTOOK, mistaken; III. i. 274.  
 MOCKING, deriding, ridiculing; V. i. 72.  
 MODERN, commonplace; III. iv. 42.  
 MODULE, mould, image; V. vii. 58.  
 MOE, more; V. iv. 17.  
 MORE, greater; II. i. 34.  
 MORTAL, deadly; III. i. 259.  
 MOTION, impulse; I. i. 212.  
 MOUNTING, aspiring; I. i. 206.  
 MOUSING, worrying, tearing (as a cat does a mouse); II. i. 354.  
 MUNITION, materials for war; V. ii. 98.  
 MUSE, marvel, wonder; III. i. 317.  
 MUTINES, mutineers; II. i. 378.  
 NEW, lately; III. i. 233.  
 NICE; "makes nice of," is scrupulous about; III. iv. 138.  
 NOB, contemptuous diminutive of Robert; I. i. 147.  
 NO HAD, had I not? IV. ii. 207.  
 NOTE; "of note," noted, well known; IV. i. 121.  
 NOTED, known; IV. ii. 21.  
 OCCASION, necessity, cause; II. i. 82; "occasions," opportunities; IV. ii. 62; course of events; IV. ii. 125.  
 O'ERBEARING, bearing down, overpowering; III. iv. 9.  
 OF = from; III. iv. 55.  
 OFFEND, harm, hurt; IV. i. 11.  
 OFFER, attempt; IV. ii. 94.  
 OPPOSITE, contrary; III. i. 254.  
 OPPRESSION; "our o." = oppression of us, our injury; III. 106.  
 OUT-FACED, supplanted, put down by arrogance and intimidation; II. i. 97.  
 OUTLOOK, face down; V. ii. 113.  
 OUTWARD EYE; a metaphor derived from the game of bowls: "the eye of a bowl was the aperture on one side which contained the bias or weight"; II. i. 583.  
 OVERBEAR, overrule; IV. ii. 37.  
 OWE, own; II. i. 109.  
 PAINTED, artificial, counterfeit; III. i. 105.  
 PARLE, parley; II. i. 205.  
 PASS, refuse; II. i. 258.  
 PASSIONATE, full of lamentation; II. i. 544.  
 PAWNS, pledges; V. ii. 141.  
 PEERING o'ER = overpeering, overflowing; III. i. 23.  
 PEEVISH, wayward; II. i. 402.  
 PEISED, poised, balanced; II. 575.  
 PENCIL, small brush used to lay on colors; III. i. 237.  
 PERADVENTURE, perhaps; V. 31.  
 PEREMPTORY, determined; II. 454.  
 PERFECT, right, correct; V. vi.  
 PHILIP! SPARROW; the popular name of the sparrow was Philip, suggested by its peculiar chirp (*cp.* Skelton

- Boke of Phylyp Sparowe*"); I. i. 231.
- PICKED**, affected; I. i. 193.
- PLOTS**, positions; II. i. 40.
- POSSESS'D WITH**, informed of; IV. ii. 41.
- POTENTS**, potentates; II. i. 358.
- POWERS**, armed force; III. iii. 70.
- PRACTICES**, plots; IV. i. 20.
- PRATE**, prattle; IV. i. 25.
- PRECEDENT**, "original copy of a writing"; V. ii. 3.
- PRESAGES**, prognostications; III. iv. 158.
- PRESENCE**; "lord of thy p." lord of only your fine person; I. i. 137.
- PRESENTLY**, immediately; V. vii. 86.
- PRINCES** = lords; V. vii. 97.
- PRIVATE**, private communication; IV. iii. 16.
- PRODIGIOUSLY**, by the birth of a monster; III. i. 91.
- PROPERTIED**, made a property or tool of; V. ii. 79.
- PROVOKE**, incite, instigate; IV. ii. 207.
- PUISSANCE**, armed force; III. i. 330.
- PURE**, clear; V. vii. 2.
- PURPLED HANDS**, hands stained with blood, like those of huntsmen, by cutting up the deer; II. i. 322.
- PURPOSE**, "had a p." intention; V. i. 76.
- PUT O'ER**, refer; I. i. 62.
- PYRENEAN**, the Pyrenees; I. i. 203.
- QUANTITY**, small portion; V. iv. 23.
- QUARTER**; "keep good q." guard carefully your posts; V. v. 20.
- QUOTED**, noted, marked; IV. ii. 222.
- RAGE** = rave; V. vii. 11.
- RAMPING**, rampant; III. i. 122.
- RANKNESS**, fullness to overflowing; V. iv. 54.
- REASON**, it is reasonable; V. ii. 130.
- RECREANT**, cowardly, faithless; III. i. 129.
- REFUSE**, reject, disown; I. i. 127.
- REGREET**, greeting; III. i. 241.
- REMEMBERS**, reminds; III. iv. 96.
- REMEMBRANCE**, memory (quadrisyllabic); V. ii. 2; V. vi. 12.
- REMORSE**, compassion; II. i. 478.
- RESOLVED**, resolute; V. vi. 29.
- RESOLVETH**, melteth; V. iv. 25.
- RESPECT**, consideration, reflection; IV. ii. 214.
- RESPECTIVE**, showing respect; I. i. 188.
- REST**, quiet possession; IV. ii. 55.
- RETIRE THEMSELVES** = retire, retreat; V. iii. 13.
- REVOLTS**, deserters, rebels; V. ii. 151.
- RHEUM**, moisture, here used for tears; III. i. 22.
- RIBS**, walls; II. i. 384.
- RIPE**, ripen; II. i. 472.
- ROUNDED**, whispered; II. i. 566.
- ROUNDURE**, enclosure; II. i. 259.
- RUB**, obstacle, impediment; III. iv. 128.
- RUMOR**, din, tumult; V. iv. 45.
- SAFETY**, safe custody; IV. ii. 158.
- SAVAGERY**, atrocity; IV. iii. 48.
- SCAMBLE** = scramble, struggle; IV. iii. 146.
- SCATH**, injury, damage; II. i. 75.
- SCOPE OF NATURE**, natural effect

(Pope "scape," *i. e.* freak); III. iv. 154.  
 SCROYLES, scabby fellows, rascals; II. i. 373.  
 SECONDARY, subordinate; V. ii. 80.  
 SECURE, free from care; IV. i. 130.  
 SEMBLANCE, appearance, disguise; IV. iii. 4.  
 SET, a term at cards, as well as at tennis; V. ii. 107.  
 SET FORWARD, start on the journey; IV. iii. 19.  
 SHADOW, reflection; II. i. 498.  
 SHADOWING, shielding, protecting; II. i. 14.  
 SHALL, must; V. ii. 78.  
 SHREWD, evil, bad; V. v. 14.  
 SHROUDS, sail-ropes; V. vii. 53.  
 SICK SERVICE, service in sickness; IV. i. 52.  
 SIGHTLESS, unsightly, ugly; III. i. 45.  
 SIGN'D, marked, branded; IV. ii. 222.  
 SET, close; V. vii. 51.  
 SKIN-COAT, *i. e.* lion's skin (taken from Richard); II. i. 139.  
 SMACKS, savors; II. i. 396.  
 SMOKE, thrash (a dialect word); II. i. 139.  
 So = if only; IV. i. 17.  
 SOLE, alone, unique; IV. iii. 52.  
 SOLEMNITY, marriage ceremony; II. i. 555.  
 SOOTH, truth; IV. i. 29.  
 SOOTHEST UP, dost flatter ("up" used intensively); III. i. 121.  
 SOUL-FEARING, soul-frightening, terrifying; II. i. 383.  
 SOUND, give voice to, proclaim; IV. ii. 48.  
 SOUSE, a term in falconry, to pounce upon; V. ii. 150.

SPED, succeeded; IV. ii. 141.  
 SPEND, waste; V. ii. 39.  
 SPIRIT, monosyllabic; II. i. 39.  
 V. i. 53.  
 SPLEEN, heat, passion; IV. ii. 97.  
 SPOT, stain, disgrace; V. ii. 177.  
 SPRIGHTFUL, full of spirit, brisk, spirited; IV. ii. 177.  
 STAFF, lance; II. i. 318.  
 STATE, power, majesty; IV. ii. 243.  
 STATES, lords of high estate; IV. i. 395.  
 STAY, a peremptory check, command to stop; II. i. 455.  
 STILL, continually; V. vii. 37.  
 STILL AND ANON, now and again; IV. i. 47.  
 STRAIGHT, straightway; II. i. 17.  
 STRAIT, parsimonious, niggardly; V. vii. 42.  
 STRANGER, foreign; V. i. 11.  
 STUMBLING NIGHT, night which causes stumbling; V. v. 18.  
 SUDDEN, quick, hasty; IV. i. 26.  
 unprepared; V. vi. 26.  
 SUGGESTIONS, temptations, incitements to evil-doing; III. i. 9.  
 SUPERNAL, placed above, heavenly; II. i. 112.  
 SUSPIRE, draw breath; III. iv. 17.  
 SWINGED, thrashed, whipped; IV. i. 288.  
 TABLE, tablet (on which a picture is painted); II. i. 503.  
 TAKE = make; III. i. 17.  
 TARE ON, set on, incite; IV. ii. 117.  
 TASK (Theobald's correction of "tast" of the Folios), challenge, command; III. i. 14.  
 TASTE, to act the part of taskmaster; an officer whose duty it

- to "take the assay" of each dish before it passed to his master; V. vi. 28.
- TEMPORIZE, come to terms, compromise; V. ii. 125.
- TERRITORIES, (probably) feudal dependencies; I. i. 10.
- THEN, than; IV. ii. 42.
- THREATS, threatens; III. i. 347.
- TICKLING, cajoling, flattering; II. i. 573.
- TIDES, "high t.," high days; III. i. 86.
- TIME'S ENEMIES, the enemies of the times, *i. e.* of the present state of affairs; IV. ii. 61.
- TITHE, take a tithe; III. i. 154.
- TO, added to; I. i. 144.
- TOASTING-IRON, an iron used for toasting cheese; used contemptuously of a sword; IV. iii. 99.
- TOLL, take toll, raise a tax; III. i. 154.
- TONGUE, alluding to the serpent's tongue, in which the venom was supposed to be secreted; III. i. 258.
- TOOK IT ON HIS DEATH, swore by the certainty of his death; I. i. 110.
- TOPFUL, full to the brim; III. iv. 180.
- TOTTERING, tattered; V. v. 7.
- TOUCH'D AND TRIED, tested by the touchstone; III. i. 100.
- TOWERS, rises in circles in flight; V. ii. 149.
- TOYS, idle fancies, follies; I. i. 232.
- TRICK, characteristic expression; I. i. 85.
- TRUE; "my t. defense," *i. e.* "the defense of my honesty"; IV. iii. 84.
- UNADVISED, without due thought, consideration; II. i. 45; rash; II. i. 191.
- UNCONSTANT=inconstant, unsteady, fickle; III. i. 243.
- UNDER-BEAR, bear, endure; III. i. 65.
- UNDERPROP, support; V. ii. 99.
- UNDER-WROUGHT, undermined; II. i. 95.
- UNDESERVED, not merited; IV. i. 108.
- UNHAIR'D (Theobald's emendation of "vn-heard," the reading of Folio 1), beardless; V. ii. 133.
- UNMATCHABLE, not able to be equaled; IV. iii. 52.
- UNOWED, unowned, left without an owner; IV. iii. 147.
- UNREVEREND, disrespectful; I. i. 227.
- UNRULY, not submitting to rule; III. iv. 135.
- UNSURED, unstable, insecure; II. i. 471.
- UNTHREAD THE RUDE EYE, retrace the hazardous road (Theobald "untread"; but the metaphor is evidently derived from threading a needle); V. iv. 11.
- UNURGED, unsolicited, voluntary; V. ii. 10.
- UNVEX'D, not molested, not troubled; II. i. 253.
- UP, used with intensive force; IV. iii. 133.
- UPON, on the side of; I. i. 34; on account of; II. i. 597.
- VEX'D, disquieted; III. i. 17.
- VOLQUESSEN, the ancient country of the Velocasses, whose capital was Rouen; II. i. 527.
- VOLUNTARIES, volunteers; II. i. 67.

- WAF**T=wafted, borne over the sea; II. i. 73.  
**WAIT UPON**, attend; V. vii. 98.  
**WALKS**; "wildly w.," i. e. goes to confusion; IV. ii. 128.  
**WALL-EYED**, glaring-eyed ("having an eye in which the iris is discolored or wanting in color"); IV. iii. 49.  
**WANT**, lack; IV. i. 99.  
**WANTON**, one brought up in luxury, an effeminate boy; V. i. 70.  
**WANTONNESS**, sportiveness; IV. i. 16.  
**WARN'D**, summoned; II. i. 201.  
**WATCHFUL**; "the w. minutes to the hour," the minutes which are watchful to the hour; IV. i. 46.  
**WAY**, line of descent; V. vi. 11.  
**WEAL**, common-wealth; IV. ii. 65; welfare; IV. ii. 66.  
**WEAR OUT**, let come to an end; III. i. 110.  
**WEATHER**, storm, tempest; IV. ii. 109.  
**WHAT!** an ejaculation of impatience; I. i. 245.  
**WHAT THOUGH**, what does matter! I. i. 169.  
**WHET ON**, incite; III. iv. 181.  
**W~~H~~ETHER** (Folios, "whereas monosyllabic; I. i. 75; II. 167.  
**WILLFUL-OPPOSITE**, refractory, stubborn; V. ii. 124.  
**WIND UP**, furl together; V. 73.  
**WINKING**, closed; II. i. 215.  
**WITH=**by; II. i. 567; III. 135.  
**WORSHIP**, honor, dignity; IV. 72.  
**WRESTED**, taken by violence; I. iii. 154.  
**YET**, as yet; II. i. 361.  
**YON**, yonder; III. iii. 60.  
**YOU=**for you, in your interests; III. iv. 146.  
**ZEAL**, ardor, intense endeavor; II. i. 565.  
**ZOUNDS**; a corruption of "God wounds"; a common oath; I. i. 466.

# STUDY QUESTIONS

By ANNE THROOP CRAIG

## GENERAL

1. Of what play is this a recast? Compare the two plays.
2. Comment upon the play as history; as a work of art.
3. Upon what does the entire action turn?
4. What aspect of the papal power is set forth in the play?
5. Historically, what was the character of John? How fully is it presented in the play?
6. How are historical facts ordered in the case of Constance? For what dramatic purpose?
7. Compare in other respects the handling of history with the development of incidents and portrayal of character, and explain the dramatic purpose in each instance.
8. What element in the play is probably due to popular feeling in Shakespeare's time?
9. Wherein is the beauty of Faulconbridge's fealty to John?
10. What is striking in the character of Faulconbridge?
11. How is Constance portrayed?
12. What is the historic character of Elinor? Is it expressed in the play?
13. Why did she urge John on to keep the throne, and exclude Arthur? Where does she indicate to John what constituted his only stronghold on the throne?
14. What marked event of King John's reign was omitted by the Poet from the course of the drama? What were probable causes of this omission?

## ACT I

15. What message from France comes to John in the first scene?
16. Describe the introduction of Faulconbridge.
17. What transpires with regard to him?
18. What are the claims of Arthur to the throne?
19. What title does John bestow upon Faulconbridge?
20. What does John plan upon hearing of the intent of the King of France?

## ACT II

21. What are the opening events of this act?
22. How did Richard Cœur de Lion die? How has Shakespeare used this incident? What persons does he combine for his dramatic purpose in this instance?
23. How do the English and French forces meet, and what is the outcome of their parley at first?
24. What is the response of the citizens of Angiers when asked to announce allegiance to one side or the other in the matter of English sovereignty?
25. What does Faulconbridge suggest as an expedient?
26. What effect does this have upon the citizens of Angiers, and what do they suggest?
27. How is their suggestion received?
28. What is the outcome of the proposal?
29. What are the Bastard's reflections in his soliloquy in the final passage?

## ACT III

30. How does Constance receive the news of the new terms of peace? How does this treaty affect her cause?
31. What is the human truth in the portrayal of Constance's grief?
32. How does Philip of France seek to mollify her? How does she reply to his attempt? What reproofs does she for Lymoges?



33. What is the Bastard's constant taunt of Lymoges? Explain it.
34. What message arrives from the Pope?
35. How does John receive it, and with what result to himself?
36. What is Pandulph's advice to Philip of France following John's reply to the papal message? How do Austria and Lewis advise him?
37. How does Blanch try to influence the matter?
38. To what action does this disruption by the papal authority lead?
39. What is the outcome of the battle that follows?
40. Whom does the Bastard seek to avenge by killing Austria?
41. Who are taken prisoners by the English?
42. How does John's method of inducing Hubert to do away with Arthur, bespeak his character?
43. What has the Bastard been set to do against the Church in England? Why should such a course appeal to his nature as it is presented? What does it express of the English feeling?

### ACT IV

44. Describe the scene between Arthur and Hubert.
45. How do the Lords express their suspicions of John's wickedness with regard to Arthur, and their feeling on account of it? What feeling does this awaken in John?
46. What news concerning the movements of the Dauphin is brought to John at this juncture?
47. Why does it make more alarming to John the possible disaffection of the nobles and his people, owing to Arthur's death?
48. What aspect of the King's villainy does his interview with Hubert betray, when he tries to shift the blame of Arthur's death? What is his main cause of relief when he hears that Arthur still lives?
49. Describe Arthur's death.

50. How do the nobles express themselves on finding the dead Arthur? Especially describe the wrath of Faulconbridge, and its expression of his character.

## ACT V

51. Why does John finally accede to the papal demands?

52. What is Lewis's claim? Does John's action strain him?

53. What are Salisbury's words in substance, regarding the disaffection of the English Barons from the cause of England as represented by John?

54. What does the Bastard advise John with regard to meeting the French?

55. What was the Dauphin's oath with regard to the English Barons who had come to his side against John? How does the betrayal of this oath by Melun affect the Dauphin?

56. What is the result of the battle between the English and French?

57. What news does Hubert bring the Bastard concerning King John? Concerning the Lords?

58. How does John meet his death? What is Holshed's account of the cause of his meeting it as he did?

59. What final message has arrived from the Dauphin by Pandulph in the last scene?

60. Quote the final words of Faulconbridge?















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